



The Mark of Cain, The first curse by Usiel21

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Summary: "But you have to know, with the Mark comes a great burden. Some would call it a great cost" But Mike did not care, it could power a blade to protect those he loved. But as Mike Succumbs to the Mark's need to be sated with blood, Eleven faces a future where Mike is lost forever to a void of black eyes, whilst Dr Brenner delves deeper into perversions of nature. Mileven SPN 10 ST 2

1. The Devil Within

(A/N) I would like to warn everyone that Mike is going to be very dark in this story. Probably the darkest I have ever written him and I loved every damn minute of it.

The Story was heavily inspired by Season 10 of Supernatural and this will have minor spoilers for that season. This takes elements from Supernatural but not enough for it to be considered a crossover.

Eleven had no clue what to do as she bit her lip because across from her bound to a chair was Michael Wheeler who wore a smug grin, nothing like the Mike she had fallen in love with, no, she was staring at something who simply wore his meat suit.

This thing may have been Mike once but he was nothing but a shadow of his former self because all that his soul was now was a blackened charred husk of what Michael Wheeler used to be. This was not Mike Wheeler, no this was the Demon that he had turned into.

Along with his smug self-assured smile he wore faded blue jeans, with a red carhartt shirt with a black under-shirt, his ebony black hair was neatly combed as it was when he was Human, his mouth upturned in a smile that even sent chills down El's spine as she and the Demon that was Mike stared each other down.

"How long do you think this will hold Eleven?" he asked his head tilted to the side slightly.

She looked down at the devil's trap that she managed to find in an old book titled "Daemonium" it was on one of the very first pages that she had read, showing how to bind a Demon and render it virtually powerless.

"Long enough" she said coldly. Trying to remind herself this was not Mike just the Demon that he had become.

The Devil's trap was etched into the floor of the Wheeler basement

and El hoped to high heavens that Karen did not end up walking down here but if she did she would take of it. Although thankfully it was once in a blue moon that Karen ever came into the basement and she was at work which was another bonus in itself.

They were both fifteen and had been dating from the day of the snowball, their feelings mutual and reciprocated and they simply could not be without the other. Five weeks and three days after the Snowball Mike said the first "I love you" to her and her heart had melted as she dove into his arms, her composure gone as she let herself bawl in his safe embrace.

And they were happy and together and safe.

Until this Happened.

And that Mike was now nothing but a distant memory.

Mike or Demon Mike huffed in amusement.

"Of Course... of course you would think that, poor naïve El" He chuckled darkly. "This won't hold me forever"

She sent a glare his way before retreating up the stairs and letting the door close, she felt herself start to slide backwards down against the door as she cried silently as she could into her hands, the emotions overwhelming. So many times she had wanted to turn around to Mike and ask him what to do only to remember that he was that thing tied to the chair and bound to the devils trap.

She let shaky breaths as she tried to calm herself, she stood up and moved to the kitchen where the book lay, she looked at it with hesitation before allowing herself to open it's ancient pages. Unknowingly touching pages made out of slices out of human skin.

She skimmed the words looking for anything that may help her situation. She had to save him, she just couldn't face it, the smugness, Luckily his absence was explained by El who laced her words with suggestion making people like Karen more accepting of the excuses without complaint.

She saw the words that gave her hope as her heart leapt to her

throat.

THE CURE.

WARNING MAY CAUSE DEATH OF THE SUBJECT.

She gulped as she read through the process it seemed like a risk worth taking, she re read the instructions and it all seemed simple enough, luckily for her they had a syringe on hand with one being spare in the first aid kit in the bathroom. She looked at the syringe In her hand, she now had the power to save him. There was just a few other things that needed to be taken care of.

Consecrated ground and the confession of sins.

She made sure to do each thing carefully otherwise the whole endeavour would be for nothing and she would be stuck at square one.

She slowly stabbed the syringe into her arm and started to withdraw her blood into it, the needle did not faze her considering how many times that she had blood taken during her time in the lab.

She slowly descended into the basement that at the moment may have been Hell itself considering what was bound to a chair.

Because Mike was singing out of tune "Every Breath You Take" as it mocked her with a wink, she carefully placed the syringe down onto the table near her and folded her arms.

"You finished?" She asked her blood running cold, the demon that he had become had mocked their song, the song they danced to, they song they kissed too, the song that brought them closer together after being apart for nearly a year.

"Not yet" He answered cheerily.

She simply starred back as she took the syringe from within her pocket and Demon!Mike looked at it smugly before realizing what the syringe was filled with.

"You really think that'll work?" he asked, all his cockiness was now

gone as he eyed the purified blood that sat within the syringe, a smirk started to upturn on her face as she realized the monster before her was actually feeling fear because they both knew what was about to happen.

She slowly made her way to him, syringe in hand.

He glanced up to her eyes.

"You really think this is going to fix me? Because there isn't anything to fix" Mike asked scowling.

Eleven said nothing as she moved closer before jabbing the syringe straight into Mike's arm, Mike growled as he tried to lunge at her with his teeth, his eyes had turned a solid black, El leapt back as Mike's eyes returned to normal, his face scrunched up in pain as the first dose had started to take affect within him.

"Wait till I'm free... I will rip your throat out with my bare hands" Mike said glaring at her, she starred back at him before making her way to the stairs again, her foot touched the first step when she heard him speak from behind her.

"If you really Love me El, you'll let me go..." Mike said quietly.

"It's because I love you that I won't Mike, your still in there somewhere and I will save you, it's what I do" She replied just as quietly before making her up the stairs and shutting the door, leaving Mike in the cold emptiness of the basement.

Just before she allowed the door to slam against the frame she heard him speak one last time.

"There is nothing left to save, Eleven... accept it"

And the door slammed shut.

XxXxXxX

Fifty-eight minutes had passed and El had been painstakingly been checking her watch almost every minute, she withdrew more blood from her own veins, her purified blood that was going to save him

from what he had become.

She made her way to the basement where Mike remained still bound and powerless to the chair that she tied him too.

"Have you ever felt blood fall from your fingertips?" he asked examining his nails. "I expect you have since you have killed so many people El, what was it like? To have absolute power over whether they lived or died, you must have felt like God" Mike said

"I only killed them when I had too" she replied curtly.

He laughed hollowly "of course you did but that doesn't mean you didn't enjoy it, in fact I can't wait to get started after I kill you or better yet I transfer this Mark on my arm to you and you become like me" Mike said gleefully. El looked down to the mark on his right arm that had caused all of this.

"Then the story that started between us never ends. Mike and Eleven by each other's side, together for the rest of time leaving a trail of death and destruction in our wake and together we create our own heaven" Mike said in twisted happiness.

"You're insane" she said her mouth agape.

Mike huffed in annoyance.

"that's a shame because you being a demon?" He said before letting out a long whistle "damn that would be seriously hot" he said to her as he tilted his head as he checked El out.

"The virgins are always meant to be the best" He said checking out her behind.

El angrily jabbed the syringe into Mike's arm again, Mike growled and fought against his restraints as his blood began to boil.

She yanked it out carelessly. She glared at the Demon whose eyes were closed, his cheeks were glowing orange inside the orange reddish glow travelled down his neck beneath his shirt presumably to his heart.

"This isn't you talking Mike, it's that thing on your arm, the Mike that I love is still in there somewhere" She said whether she was trying to convince him or herself she didn't know simply because the lines were so blurred by this point. She turned away from him.

"Well between you and me, that Mike was weak and pathetic. He was practically comatose without you for those 353 days but now I am stronger than even you El, I feel it running through me and it ain't just the demon juice" Mike said smugly.

"The Mark of Cain..." El said

"Yep and when I'm free. You will die and I will live" Mike said his eyes turning black. "And when you die you will become like me" Mike said as he nodded towards the Mark.

"The Mark can only be transferred to someone who is worthy, a killer... and you are a Killer El and I can set you free" Mike said looking at El in a way that the real Mike would and she nearly lost her composure. It was a look full of Compassion and love as twisted as that may be.

El said nothing as she made her way up the steps and the door slammed shut, leaving Mike in the darkness.

Mike looked down to the Mark of Cain that was upon his arm. El was playing straight into his arms, she would join him in murder, bearers of the Mark of Cain and becoming twisted lovers that dance in the blood of the innocent,

Murder would be their Sex.

And Torture would be their foreplay.

Oh what a tangled web we weave.

Of course Mike still loved her, being a Demon hadn't changed that even if it was highly sadistic, insane and twisted. But all he could think about was Him and El slashing and tearing their way through history together, doing whatever they wished. Making love in a room full of dead bodies as nothing would exist apart from them as they would bathe in the afterglow of murder and sex. Nothing would ever

come between them ever again.

Cain may have been the Father of Murder.

But El and Mike would be something completely different. Lovers in Murder.

Mike straightened up and allowed himself to imagine and fantasise about that future.

Of Course Mike still loved her whether he was Eternally Damned or not. That's just who he was.

XxXxX

El let the door slam and she ran upstairs to the toilet where she vomited into the toilet basin. She could not deny, no matter how much she wish she could, she could not deny the fact she was tempted to accept Mike's offer.

She felt sickened with herself. Yes she was a killer she had accepted that fact a long time ago and even had made peace with that because it was what had to be done. To save the world. The Save Mike. She glared at the door that led into the corridor.

She was going to save him. Again.

Until the end of time if need be. Because she loved him, whether he was a Demon or Not, he was still Mike even underneath the black eyes. She leaned against the bath as she waited the long hour until it was time for the next dose of Purified blood.

She was ashamed of herself for even considering the offer, but her and Mike together forever was tempting no matter the nature of the offer itself or the fact it came from the demonized version of the boy she would love until the end of time.

XxXxXxX

Mike winked at her as she walked down the stairs. She was in a tank top and shorts. The summer was sweltering after all. But Mike found his eyes roving over her and Mike knew he had gotten under her skin

with the nature of his offer. He was pleased but still narrowed his eyes as he eyed the syringe that she was holding between her delicate fingers.

"You still love me, don't you?" El Asked quietly.

"Of Course I still love you, I love you like a desperate man loves an equally desperate whore" Mike said trying to be cruel but El could see through it and realized that the cure of purified blood was beginning to work because she could see through the façade he was putting up know Mike like the back of her hand.

She leaned down to his eye level as he was still bound to the chair.

"But that's not just it is it... Demon's hate everything, Demon's don't love, they just want to destroy" El said as she looked into his eyes and reluctantly met her eyes with his own. Both shades of brown locked together... it was like Mike was back...

But Mike lunged forward his eyes turned Black once more... it was a moment of weakness, after-all it was meant to be a dose of blood every hour for ten hours to fully cure a Demonized human. Even one with the Mark of Cain.

She fell backwards on her bum, as Mike continued to struggle against the restraints. His eyes turned back to their normal colour.

"El have you even considered that I don't want this... for all you know this cure could be killing me, could you really watch me die?" Mike said looking at her with his brow furrowed.

"You may not want this... but your're not Mike, not really, just the Demon inside him using his meat suit" El said

"No I'm Mike, just not with his nerdy inhabitations or his Humanity" Mike countered.

"This is not a debate" El said before jabbing the syringe into his arm. She held him still with her powers as she kissed him on the forehead before leaving once more in the presence of his own company.

This continue for several hours until there was only one more dose

left. Of course the two argued back and forth with Mike trying to free himself more than one time.

El was sat in Mike's bedroom looking at everything that was Mike Wheeler, the posters, the figurines and everything else, she looked at it all fondly.

There was a knock at the door.

El stiffened and El glanced down at her watch, Mrs Wheeler was not due home for another two hours but it couldn't be...

The Door flew open. There in the doorway stood Mike Wheeler, Human turned Demon. Giving El a sarcastic little wave and El paled at seeing the demon was walking free, all he needed was one more dose and he would be cured, he would be Mike again.

"Oh yeah I bet your wondering how I'm free"

El just nodded numbly.

"Well as you shot me up with Human blood, the more Human I became the less that devil's trap worked, meaning I could undo the rope with my own Powers and simply walk out the devil's trap..." Mike said very uninterested.

His eyes turned black.

"But there is enough Demon in me still to turn you into what I am" Mike said before he charged towards El. Eleven stood frozen in place as Mike lunged, only reacting as Mike collided with her and they fell to the floor.

"Mike!" El shouted as they struggled on the floor. The Mark glowed red as his veins lit up, it travelled towards his finger that were grasping her shoulder, she realized what was about to happen and managed to find the strength to throw Mike off of her with her powers. Who hit the wall outside his room. Momentarily stunned. He stood back to his feet shakily.

"Don't you see I'm doing this for you! For us!" he shouted enraged and within a matter of seconds several things happened.

Mike charged for her.

Eleven withdrew the final dose of Human blood and pointed it at Mike.

Mike collided with her.

And the needle found itself being embedded into his body.

And she pushed the blood into his system. And Mike looked to her angrily before he allowed his hands to wrap themselves around her neck. And El struggled for breath as his hands became tighter as he attempted to squeeze the life from her.

"The first thing he will feel is your blood on his hands!" The Demon soon to be human growled at her. El was starting to see stars and those weren't the freckles upon his face either.

Suddenly Mike threw himself off of her, his eyes returning to normal and for the first time in days Mike had returned to normal.

"You will not touch her!" Mike shouted at thin air.

El looked at him in confusion as his eyes turned black again.

"What you gonna do Mikey? I'm a part of you!" The Demon said amused.

His eyes returned to normal

"All I know is that I won't let you touch her!" Mike shouted again

His eyes went Black

"Eventually you will Die! And this? And this is what you're going to become!" The Demon Roared.

Mike fell onto his hands as he began to retch and gag before black slime began to pour out of his mouth as he vomited it all out, his eyes finally returning to their natural colour for good this time. El watched tentatively before taking a hesitant step forwards.

"Mike?" she asked quietly.

"El?" Mike said whispering her name hoarsely.

And at that moment El instantly knew the cure had worked and Mike Wheeler was human once more.

She didn't hold back as she flung herself into his arms, sobbing uncontrollably, Mike wept along with her and they held each other in the tightest of embraces. They simply held each other for what seemed like an eternity. Until El pulled herself far enough so that she could see his eyes, overjoyed and relieved to see the brown eyes of Mike Wheeler and not the Black eyes of the Demon.

"I didn't give up on you Mike" She whispered.

"I know... you saved me... you saved me" Mike uttered overcome with various emotions. He pressed kisses to the areas around her neck where finger marks were visible from her she had been strangled.

"I will never not save you Mike" She said.

And just for that moment, there was just the two of them and Mike wished the moment could last forever, for an eternity but like everything else they were still subject to the laws of time.

Mike sighed as he pulled away from her.

"I'm going to go clean up ok" Mike said

El nodded and watched Mike wander off towards the bathroom before he stopped in the doorway.

"El, I can't be that thing again, I would rather die than hurt you" Mike said his voice barely above a whisper. Before she could reply he had left and headed towards the bathroom, she looked at the black goo that was still on the floor, she waved her hand and the goo found itself being incinerated.

Mike stood in the bathroom rubbing a washcloth across his face as he stared at his reflection, he looked to his arm to see the Mark of Cain was still present and it was almost like it was staring at him but he

dismissed it as nonsense, he tossed the cloth into the basin and turned to leave.

But In the corner of his eye where he could see his reflection he noticed his eyes had turned Black once more, he whipped round to find his eyes were still his natural eye colour, he left the bathroom as the words from his demon self echoed within his head

"Eventually you will Die! And this? And this is what you're going to become!"

He didn't notice this time that his reflection hadn't moved as it smirked at his back.

His eyes Black.

And the Mark of Cain was glowing red upon his arm.

(A/N) Boom! I loved writing every bit of this one, inspiration hit me sooner than even I had expected lol but I hope you enjoyed this one guys because I know I did.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

2. Dream a Little Dream of Me

(A/N) Dream sequences are in italics

"El, I can't be that thing again" Mike had said to her less than minute ago, Eleven had starred at his retreating back as he made his way to the bathroom to clean up. El was to say the very least still shaken from the whole ordeal, in no circumstances had she ever imagined that Mike's hands would have been around her neck in an attempt to kill her in untameable anger.

She lifted her hand to her neck to feel where she could still feel his hands wrapped around her throat. She shuddered. In that moment she thought that Mike was going to kill her and she would have let him simply because she couldn't bare the thought of Harming Mike regardless whether he was a Demon or not.

His offer had been even more tempting, to give in to her own Demons and commit bloodshed across the world with him even if it had only been for a fleeting moment, it had been a moment nonetheless and the very fact of that terrified her, knowing she had the potential to become what the Demonic version of her soul mate had wanted her to become.

A Murderer.

To become Lovers bound through Murder and the spent blood of countless slaughtered innocents. To make love through all that pain, destruction and misery that they would bring upon the world and upon those they used to love.

And she had wanted it for the briefest of moments. She nearly succumbed to the darkest of desires that festered In her heart.

Just because it would be easier and because she would be with him regardless of what they would be known for and what they would become in the eyes of the world.

That is if the world survived the wrath of Eleven and Mike.

"You have a wound Eleven, A terrible wound" The taunting words of Kali's hallucination of Brenner echoed within her mind.

She found this moment of solace to cry to herself, wrapping her arms around herself as she shed the emotion from the trails and tribulation of the last ten hours. Having to find the strength within herself to save Mike. Because Mike was her strength, her own Power meant nothing without Mike. Only problem was the Demon hadn't wanted to be saved. She knew that but she had forced the cure upon him anyway because she knew that the real Mike didn't want to be that thing. To be the Killer that the Mark had wanted him to be. To wander the Earth for the rest of time, First Blade in hand with the death of thousands and thousands of innocents.

Of course she had Hidden the First Blade. The damn thing had only ever seemed to make things worse. She found herself being ripped apart as the realization of how close she had been to losing Mike, maybe forever. All because Mike had made the rash decision to take the Mark from Cain so that he could protect her.

It was ironic.

Mike came walking back in slowly although El's eyes were squeezed shut tight as tears made their way down her delicate features, crying quietly. Mike stood transfixed for a moment before he slowly made his way to her and enveloped her in a tight embrace which she reciprocated, the tears started to fall harder and faster. All the while Mike was whispering in her ear he wept with her. "I'm so, so, so sorry, El" and they just held the other closely, the only sound was of sniffles and whimpers within the ever growing darkness of the bedroom in the fading evening Sun.

His fingers were now soft and gentle and she found herself being lulled away under the spell of Mike's calming presence, the familiar scent of Mike's apple shampoo hung heavy in the air. It was everything El had come to associate with safety, love and acceptance but was now tainted by the memory of the abomination that was no less than an hour ago a Demon. A Demon that was once Mike, twisted and mutilated into a creature that only wanted to kill and wanted El to join him in his bloodbath.

Her head was tucked underneath his chin as the two began to doze off still fully clothed. The toll of the day was finally weighing upon their minds, emotions high and confusing. The presence of the other soothed them like an aura that would heal everything if it could.

And as the evening sun dipped below the horizon Mike and El found themselves falling into a restless, haunted sleep. Of things that were, things that are and things that were yet to come.

Neither Noticed as The Mark of Cain glowed red faintly upon the boy's arm as they slipped into the world of Dreams and the underworld of Nightmares.

XxXxXxXxX

Mike found himself within a blackened void that stretched into the depths of infinite nothings but Empty. Mike furrowed his brow as looked around him in confusion, the hairs on the back of his head began to rise one by one as he felt himself being watched. He swallowed heavily and slowly turned around to face his Demons.

Quite Literally.

Mike had discarded what the Demon had been wearing in exchange for one of his pair's of jeans that were a darker shade and baby blue coloured shirt.

His Demonic self stood nought but three metres away from him wearing the same red attire as he did along with his eyes being purely black.

"I think this conversation is long overdue, wouldn't you say Mikey?" The Demon taunted with a smirk.

"You shouldn't be here, El cured me of you" Mike said immediately his weight shifting from one though from another.

Demon!Mike just laughed humourlessly.

"You See Mikey, I will never be truly gone, I will be always there lurking within in you. As long as you have this" He said gesturing towards the Mark that was branded upon both of their arms "Then I will always be here lurking beneath the surface"

El Hopper had found herself somewhere completely different, she found herself watching a scene unfold before her, where she could not interact with it in anyway and what she was seeing was sending continuous chills throughout her body as she bore witness to the most surreal situation that she had ever seen, it was bone chilling.

And Frightening.

Because in front of her was herself and Mike.

They looked happy and worry free but it wasn't what made her want to turn away whether it was due to revulsion or because of the lingering strands of temptation she felt in her heart she simply did not have the capacity to know.

Because she was watching herself and Mike murdering everyone that came upon their path. Massacre was too simple to describe it. Mike had the attire he wore as a Demon. But El? She was wearing her punk style clothes from Chicago where she had nearly given into temptation going Darth Vader upon one of the lab workers. This no longer seemed the case at the moment, she had truly gone off the reservation and gave into the temptations murder and revenge

She noticed that she had the Mark of Cain branded upon her arm just like Mike did.

They were smiling as they slaughtered one person after another. They were in a Lab that looked closely similar to the Hawkins Lab and the doors were held closed by their combined telekinetic power. They threw the first blade to one another as they took turns gutting anyone that was within reach.

And they were dancing.

Mike twirled her around merrily after slicing through the stomach of one guard who had raised his weapon, his guts spilling out onto the floor, she giggled as she handed the blade to him, The Marks of Cain glowing upon their arms every time the blade had been encased within their grasp.

The First blade was exactly what it's namesake claimed to be. The First Blade in existence, fashioned from the jawbone of a donkey and the very

blade that Cain had used to kill his younger Brother Abel.

Mike suddenly twirled her into and pressed his lips hungrily and lustfully to hers. Her slicked back and Mike cupped the back of her head softly even though his fingers were caked in blood, some dry, some not. He bit the bottom of her lips softly eliciting something that was neither a whimper or a moan from the back of her throat. She held onto the front of his shirt, gripping fistfuls of it as they kissed hungrily, their eyes closed blissfully. As they pulled apart both of their eyes had become Demonic Black.

"I have a present for you" Mike said quietly stroking her cheek delicately with his fingers.

"Hmm I wonder what?" She replied with a smirk. His fingers traced her arm, tracing his fingertips on her delicate flesh. Trailing over the Mark and down to her own petite fingertips.

The Real watched the scene unfold before her with morbid interest, finding it odd that the Demonic versions of themselves still loved the other deeply from what she could see.

As he tore his arm away from hers "Wait here for me?" he asked, her evil counterpart nodded before Mike stalked off swinging the first blade round as he turned the corner. Both El's listened intently as there was a crashing sound of a door being kicked in and the sound of a scream and several gunshots ringing out in the slaughtered remnants of the lab

Mike came round the corner with a triumphant smile upon his lips as he dragged a man with aging silver-grey hair.

"Surprise!" he shouted cheerfully.

Dr Martin Brenner was upon his knee's at the feet of Mike, his nose bloody from what appeared to be a broken nose. His icy eyes starred up at Eleven. She looked back up to Mike.

"Mike..." she uttered quietly.

He held out the first blade to her which she gratefully took. The Mark instantly lit up a rage inducing red as did the veins beneath her skin as it travelled down her arm into her fingertips, powering the blade. Feeling something akin to ecstasy as she felt the power course through every atom

oppressive shadow. She looked back to Mike, the scatted pattern of freckles still lay upon him, she liked to count them whenever she could, she didn't even know why.

But as she sat and gazed at him she found herself coming to a resolution.

And that was her making a promise to herself. To Mike.

She wouldn't let him become that thing again.

She Promised.

El didn't know that there was an old saying as she drifted back off to sleep.

Promises are made to be broken.

(A/N) boom... lol well there we are guys I had a bit of writers block whilst writing this chapter but It's all good now and I can't wait to hear what you guys think! Next chapter will be about How Mike managed to obtain the Mark in the first place

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

3. The Father of Murder

The Dawn of Man.

A Man strode with purpose through the canopy of the trees that was situated around him, lost in the green foliage of untouched forest. His hair had begun to become grey, a sign of age that was the cost of eternal sin originally started by his mother and father. He continued to make his way undeterred through the forest with a single minded purpose.

His face hardened as he felt a presence near him, it was all encompassing, powerful and terrifying. He was close, he could feel it with every fibre of his being right down to the very core of his bones. There was a chill in the air as it turned to what felt ice shards that were nipping across his skin.

He took the blade that had been fashioned from the jawbone of a donkey and held it lofty at his side, as his head turned this way and that as he searched for what he knew was nearby. The ice chill in the air was easily a dead giveaway.

The Man watched intently as a giant snake slithered its way out of the tall grass. It's forked tongue flicked forth from it's mouth, it slithered between his legs quietly, its head raised to regard the man before it, he listened intently as faint whispers echoed around the clearing, the snakes head raised further towards the sky, it tongue flicked again, every gap amongst the dense shrubbery, every crack, every inch of space was filled with a white light.

A deafening screech filled the forest as the snake was engulfed in the white light of a Celestial. Any other Human would feel unrelinquished pain before their eyes would be burned from their sockets. Set aflame.

But not this Man. Not Cain.

The Snake continued to slither and move around him, it's eyes were now burning a deep and vengeful red. The Possessed Snake turned to regard the man before it.

"Cain" the whisper of his name echoed around the forest, the reputation of this Celestial proceeded him , Cain felt a sliver of fear entice him briefly before he became resolute in his mission, his task and what had become his responsibility.

"Cain" it whispered again.

"Lucifer" Cain said resentfully.

Lucifer always had a smugness about him that made Cain uncomfortable but then again it had made everyone uncomfortable especially since the corruption of the Garden. The only animals that didn't feel that in his presence were snakes which would always consent to possession by the Prince of Darkness himself.

Cain fingered the blade that was grasped in his hand, he knew the makeshift weapon would do nothing to Lucifer but he held it close to him regardless. The Snake slowly crept its way up the tree closest to Cain. Cain watched intently as the devil possessed Snake coiled itself around the tree, its head swivelled round to face the first-born son of Man.

"I know you have been talking to Abel, Lucifer" Cain seethed "It stops now" The Snake looked blankly at Cain its tongue silently flicked before the disembodied voice sounded throughout the clearing.

"And what are you going to do about that Cain? You have no power to stop me" the voice scoffed "nothing but a broken and flawed weakling, like all humans" Cain glared at the Snake before him, he fingered the blade, itching to slice the snake's head and be done with it.

"Abel is so weak, its actually quite amusing, what my father created, broken and nasty disease ridden things...." the voice continued, Cain however in a moment of rashness abruptly declared "My soul for his!" the Snake looked startled for a second.

"Excuse me?" Lucifer asked politely, taken aback by what he had heard.

"My soul in Hell if Abel goes to Heaven" Cain said hastily. The Snake

Humanity's creation and he intended to make all of them suffer for the freedom and forgiveness that was bestowed upon them.

Cain looked up from the floor to the serpent, glaring at the Snake hatefully

"Hell may have its Princes but every Prince needs its loyal Knights. Go. Build. Because War will be coming" The Serpent hissed as it started to slowly slither away back into the tall grass leaving Cain to himself who was still upon his knee's. Abel's soul lingered in the clearing for several moments.

"I forgive you, Brother" Abel whispered, Abel looked around as a comforting hand of the Reaper was placed upon his shoulder, The Reaper led him away from the clearing before vanishing within a flash of light to lead him to the afterlife which his Brother paid for dearly.

Cain was left alone in the world.

But the Mark began to reveal its cursed nature, tempting the Father of Murder to kill and decimate all manner of life, Humans, Angels, Monsters and even Demons. Nothing escaped the father's wrath and slaughter and nothing could save the lust of the kill. The Mark had dominion over him like Lucifer before him.

The indifference of his victims was splattered across the pages of history, his name would pass into Legend as it was whispered fearfully among the settlements of Humans. The Packs of Werewolves. The Nests of the Vampire. The Sulfur ridden lairs of a Demon. All feared Cain. Even the Leviathan.

But Cain began to feel remorse for everything that he had done and had decided to take his own life with the blade. Deciding to end the madness once and for all.

However, The Mark would not allow its host to die not whilst there were still things to be hunted down. Cain awoke with new life but it was forever steeped in damnation. His eyes becoming a bottomless abysmal black, giving birth to one of the first Demons and Hell's first Knight.

He created his order of Knights, Hell's Knights. Cutting a swath of destruction and merciless atrocities the likes the world had never seen.

Lucifer for his crimes against Heaven, Humanity and Creation was cast into the Cage by Michael which was placed into the deepest depths of Hell, sealed away. Shortly after God left Heaven leaving the Archangel Michael to take charge in God's absence leading a corrupt and strict but stable regime. He left no instructions and a world to Run. The Angels wept and prayed for their father to return but their hearts became hardened as they started to scheme.

Archangels would routinely descend to Earth in order to fight Hell's Knights. The remnants of those battles still cover the Earth today in the form of endless dunes of sand and heat.

The Prince's of Hell, Dagon, Asmodeus and Ramiel all lost interest in the plans of Lucifer leaving only Azazel to rule Hell in Lucifer's stead, the other Princes left to live peacefully on Earth allowing everyone to believe they were dead, wanting nothing but to be left alone, they lived peacefully among Humanity.

But the Knights continued to be Hell's most fierce some elite soldiers. Until Cain fell in Love with a human who forgave his crimes and believed that he could fight the Mark, her love for him allowed him to fight the Mark and give it all up, Hell and its Knights. Love being the medicine to fight the corruption of the Mark

But In retaliation the Knights of Hell had taken Collette captive to bring back their Commander into the fold but only succeeded in sending the Father of Murder into a murderous rage fuelled by his Mark. Just as he had created the Knights that had left a bloody trail through the pages of history he proceeded to tear it all down.

Wielding the first blade he tore every Knight apart in ways that defied description, slaughtering each one for daring to lay a finger on Collette. His hands were covered in the blood of his own as his bloodlust was slaked that very night but it did nothing to ease the pain that had nestled within his own heart.

But it was all in vain as the Knights decided to destroy the one thing

Steve allowed Joyce to tend to his wounds that he had suffered earlier from Billy who had vanished before they had gotten back. The others had succumbed to their own exhaustions, Will especially, the possession had taken its toll. He was ravenously hungry and so very tired. Jonathon had carried him to his Bed where the elder Brother kept a watchful eye over Will like a Hawk.

But Mike couldn't rest nor would he allow himself to do so either. That was until he knew that Eleven was safe because he had been helpless to save her once, he would be damned if he were ever to find himself in such a position again. It was a vow that had the potential to cost the world dearly.

His head shot up so fast he may have gained whiplash as he saw the lights of a Blazer, Hopper's Blazer pull up in the driveway. Mike shot to his feet and reached the car before it had even fully pulled up. His face faltered as he spotted El in the seat beside Hopper, her face covered with dry blood.

Mike looked to Hopper with a look akin to horror as he stepped out.

"She is Okay. Just exhausted" Hopper supplied before Mike could even ask the question. Hopper opened the door to her side lifting her carefully as to not rouse the sleeping girl. Silently the two worked together to bring El into the house where she could rest and recuperate. They placed her on Joyce's bed at her insistence.

But Eleven stirred as she sensed a familiar presence nearby. It was like instinct for her.

"Mike?" she said uttered. Almost immediately Mike was by her side. Hopper backed away silently to the doorway.

"It's me El, I'm here" Mike said weakly still unable to comprehend that she was here now, that she was real and not just some cruel fabrication that many dreams had tricked him into believing, only to rip the curtain away from his eyes and leave him in the abyss of depression.

She smiled slightly "I Promised" She said her voice hoarse and faint.

still fast asleep her arms were loosely curled around him still, Mike felt himself relax slightly seeing that El was still here although his body was still tense for a reason that even he did not know.

"Michael" it whispered to him again.

Mike carefully unwrapped El's arms from around himself where he made his way from the room against his better Judgement to follow the voice through the house. Everyone was also fast asleep in the living room and Mike carefully moved towards the back door.

"Michael...." It whispered again.

A grey haired figure was stood with his back towards the house outside the back of the Byers home. Mike swallowed nervously before making his way outside, the figure paid no heed to Mike as he walked across the grass to stand beside him, Mike was unsure as to why he was even doing this in the first place.

"Beautiful night isn't it?" the grey haired man asked who's gaze had not left the sky, Mike looked up to the stars that shone brightly and could not help but agree with the stranger.

"Ever since the dawn of man, humans have used the stars to find their way whether it be across the land or the oceans themselves and they have often gazed up in wonderment at such an endless field of stars" the grey haired man smiled slightly.

"Who are you?" Mike asked hesitantly.

The figure turned to look at him for the first time. Even now Mike could feel the wisdom adorned there and the guilt.

"Who am I? People call me Cain" Cain said simply. Mike nodded in response not sure how to respond.

"I felt it you know" Cain said cryptically.

"Felt What?" Mike asked confused.

"Your soul. It screamed through the Earth, it screamed like it had been flayed When you lost her" Cain said knowingly. "the despair, all

that pain for someone so young was paralyzing"

Mike just stood there as he listened to Cain, he couldn't help but agree, the despair he suffered was worse than most as he suffered alone. His friends had given up after awhile and Mike had stopped talking about it whilst his heart continued to scream in darkening despair.

"I know all too well the pain of losing someone you love" Cain said wistfully

Mike nearly choke on his own saliva "Wait I don't love El-" Mike began.

"Save it Mike, you cannot lie to me, your soul cried out in sheer anguish when you lost her, I'm surprised the whole world did not feel it" Cain said "I know because I have felt the same, I have lost many people I loved over the years"

Mike stood and listened intently to Cain's tale being able to sympathise because of El.

"First I lost my Brother. I loved my younger Brother, loved him. Until he was taken from me and I became filled with Rage, all encompassing rage" Cain's left hand rubbed his right arm just below the elbow stiffly and self consciously.

His arm lifted up his arm to show Mike something was adorned upon his forearm.

Mike's breath caught in his throat as he pieced together at what he was seeing, There on the arm was a Mark, it looked like scar tissue from a great burn, it looked like a 7 with two indentations on the left side.

It was the bloody Mark of Cain.

Mike took a step back as he looked up to Cain who watched his reaction carefully, Mike considered his options or his lack of options thereof.

Cain Smiled sadly.

"Cain? As in Cain and Abel?" Mike asked carefully.

Cain simply nodded "there is nothing to fear Mike, I'm not here to hurt you"

"Then what is it that you are here for because from what I remember it was you who killed your Brother" Mike accused fiercely, Mike angled himself between the house and Cain, Cain watched silently amused at Mike being protective even now.

"I killed him to save him from Lucifer" Cain said "it was the only way to save him" Cain added "But my purpose here is different, I felt your desire in there to protect Eleven, protect from the things that will be coming and believe me there will be things that want to kill her, things that defy even your imagination"

Mike gulped and his face paled at the realization that not just the Shadow Monster or the Bad Men would be after her in future, as her power grows the threats to her would grow as well in proportion to her power, Earthly or Extra-dimensional.

"I can give you my Mark" Cain said gesturing towards the Mark. "if protecting El is what you truly want" Cain said seriously.

"It is" Mike insisted taking a step forward.

Cain slowly reached behind him to withdraw a wrapped up piece of cloth that looked very, very old.

"The Mark is able to power a blade that can kill anything in existence" Cain stated looking down at the blade that was hidden from sight "but it can only be powered by the mark otherwise it's useless" Cain looked at Mike with a haunted "I know because I used this very blade to slaughter every bastard Demon that had dared to harm Collette"

"Collette?" Mike asked before he could stop himself.

"My Wife" Cain said simply

Mike took a moment to ponder the offer before his mind was set, if it could protect Eleven in the end then he would do it, again and again

In the void that was lit up by the constant flashes of Lightning there was a Cage suspended in the air by Chains that vanished into the Darkness that even light could not penetrate.

The Cage's single sole occupant sat upon the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest. His head rose slightly as he felt a slight shift in the cosmic scale upon the Earth as the Mark was copied from one host to another.

His eyes lit up a savage and firey Red.

Lucifer smiled at what he had felt had transpired.

(A/N) I am so very sorry that this chapter took so long to get out, my writers block was as big as it had ever been apart from that I have no excuse and I apologise but now hopefully I will be able to update on a regular basis once more.

As always guys review! And until next time, Peace!

4. A Murderous Rage

The Sky lit up ominously as red lightning forked across the sky, there was no rumble of thunder, the air was filled with a spine-chilling screech that sounded like it belonged in the very depths of Hell itself. Signalling that something very terrible was on its way. Something ancient. Something Primordial.

Red Lightning started to strike the ground aggressively around the clearing, every strike was accompanied an echoing nightmarish screech. Two men was watching it unfold before them helplessly and with confusion but well tempered caution as they could do nothing but stare as cosmic events unfolded before their very eyes.

The final bolt had struck the ground leaving nothing but a horrible silence as the two men merely stood in terrified awe.

"What did Death call this?" The taller one asked carefully.

"The Darkness" The other replied ominously.

The ground started to shake beneath them.

Giant Pillars of black smoke forced its way through the ground around them from the impact zones, it rushed and roared as it raced overheard. More towers of black smoke raced from the ground. Each pillar frantically flew towards an adjacent field where it started to conglomerate into an evermore sifting, shifting mass of utter blackness.

Small screeches were protruding from the shifting mass of Darkness. Before sweeping across the world to engulf the land and Light and the two Brothers who had faced death, life and everything in-between.

XxxXx

Mike awoke with startled, cold sweat was beading down his forehead, his clothes were awash in it. He sat up tiredly allowing himself to think of what he had just dreamt, it felt so familiar, so real. The sights, the smell and even the gentle breeze of a spring afternoon.

It was very overwhelming especially for a dream.

It had been four days since Eleven had closed the gate, four days since she had come back into his life explosively to a hoard of emotion that he simply was not prepared for and honestly? Mike could not be happier but the pain still lingered, still gnawed away at him.

He had suffered for so very long, he felt like he was suffocating without her and yet he was somehow alive, still breathing. One day was like a month, a month was like a year. It was simply getting through the next moment and the moment after that and so on.

It got to the point where if she had truly died that night he wished he would have died with her rather than live a life without her in it. No-one knew how badly Mike was suffering, Hopper had his suspicions but he stayed silent, the man who could have eased his pain within seconds chose to remain in the shadows believing that he was making the right choice for El.

Of course there was one person who saw his pain because she had shared in his pain with him, she spent countless night's in the void alongside him, wanting desperately to reach out to him his name being uttered softly from her lips. In need. In pain. In sorrow.

Unbeknownst to the both of them her presence in the void made it so much worse as she seemed so close but yet she was so far away. Like she was just out of reach as Mike could feel her presence.

He ran a hand through his damp and scruffy bed hair, before looking down to the Mark that was now upon his arm. That too had been upon his arm for four days although Cain had told him that with the Mark there would come a great burden he himself saw no drawback or burden as of yet.

Which is something that he himself was happy with, maybe Cain had been wrong.

He walked downstairs to a very sombre scene.

"...four campers this morning were found mauled to death in The

Something that was beginning to take its toll on himself and even the people around him, making the hard choices, the choices that needed to be made even if it were the lesser of the two Evils.

It simply became one of the many things that haunted him.

In his waking hours.

In his brightest dreams.

In the darkest corners of his nightmares.

And everyday under a newly risen Sun.

In a war of Saint's and Sinners.

Hopper was neither a Saint or a Sinner.

He was Human.

Hopper stood up and composed himself before walking underneath the Police tape and striding to his Police Cruiser away from a grizzly scene that he hoped he would not have to encounter because he had a feeling he knew what was behind it and he prayed to whatever God was listening that it was not true.

"Hey Kid..." Hopper began as he whipped the radio from its stand making sure it was on the right frequency channel. He lowered the radio away from his Mouth and waited for her voice to come through the Radio.

"You're Late. Again." Hopper could hear the annoyance in her tone, he pulled his sleeve back revealing his watch to see that she was right, he was thirteen minutes late. Hopper sighed. He had to wonder how this came to be his life.

"I know, I'm sorry kid" he paused for a moment but she remained silent. "Anyway I'm going to be a little late home tonight okay? Something's happened and I need to sort it out" He said, he knew she wasn't going to be particularly happy about it but he was ready with a half way happy.

"Bad?" Her voice crackled through the speaker again her voice edgy. She still hadn't come down from the battle-induced adrenaline from when she closed the gate. Her powers sometimes spiked randomly draining even more than she was already.

"Yeah Bad, but it's okay, nothing to worry about" Hopper said assuredly, well at least he hoped it was nothing to worry about as he glanced down towards the tape that waved in the light wind.

"What Time?" she asked. Almost demanded.

"9:30" Hopper said tiredly.

"Nine... Three... Zero?" she asked tentatively even after all this time she was still scared of doing something wrong. Regardless, Hopper found himself smiling slightly as he replied.

"Yeah Nine, Three Zero" Hopper echoed.

There was a pause. An unspoken question was hanging in the air that the two knew that needed to be addressed.

"When can I see him?" her voice was soft and sad. It nearly broke his heart to hear that way.

"Soon." he said with a pause but he knew that wouldn't be enough for the girl, he could feel her annoyance radiate from the radio. "I promise" he added "he ain't stopped bugging me about it for the past four days" Hopper said annoyed.

Her voice crackled

"Bugging?" her confusion easily heard through the radio.

"Always asking me" Hopper said simply "like you" he huffed.

On the other side of the radio in a secluded cabin in the woods, Eleven smiled to herself slightly, the two had been routinely asking Hopper when they could see the other again.

"When?"

like it was calling to him, Mike took it under the assumption of he'd rather be safe than sorry, especially after everything that he has seen.

And then there was El, the girl that Mike kept hidden in the basement of his home for a week, the girl who he had fallen for only for her to be ripped away from him to soon. She was quiet yet her eyes said more than any mere word in the world ever could. And she was powerful, extremely powerful yet gentle, caring and loving.

He missed her, it wouldn't matter on how much time had passed, whether it be one minute, one hour, one day, one week, he would always miss her. He had suffered enough to be separated from her again, desperate enough to prevent such a thing from happening he took on the first curse. The Mark of Cain.

He wasn't able to find much information about the Mark apart from that it was given to Cain so that he would wander the Earth forever and if anyone were to kill him they would suffer sevenfold vengeance by God. Mike himself was bit of a skeptic although after his encounter with Cain he was more than willing to consider the possibility of it all. Whether it was dark, light or something in-between

"But you have to know, with the Mark comes a great burden. Some would call it a great cost"

Those exact words had been echoing around in Mike's head for the past few days and it was so cryptic Mike had pondered their meaning, Mike had currently felt no adverse effects of any sort of shift or change in himself.

He made it to the woods surrounding Hawkins, the freshness of the air was able to help Mike clear and organise his thoughts no matter how jumbled they were. Mike, however started to explore a bit, hoping by some sheer chance that he could discover the location of the cabin. It was a long shot but worth a shot nonetheless.

Mike felt his hair stand up on end.

A series of chills ran down his spine.

The Birds had suddenly stopped singing.

Like the world had grown darker.

His bike slowed as he felt himself being watched.

The Mark beneath his arm burned red.

And Mike found himself being flung from his bike as something collided with him. He let out a scream of surprise and fear as he felt himself fly through the air, his eyes were shut tight waiting for him to hit solid earth again.

He let out a shout of surprise as he had landed heavily on his left arm. Hissing with pain, he managed to force his eyes open. And what he saw made all the blood drain away from his face.

Three very real and very alive Demo-dogs stood In front of him, he gulped as he realized there was fresh blood dripping from the maw of the monster before him, with massive yellow spots adorned upon its back. It was Dart. The Demo-dog that Dustin had tried to raise with little success.

The three beasts starred at him, studying him. Mike backed up slowly until his back collided with a Tree. He wasn't dead already simply because he hadn't turned his back to them. They could smell that something was different about him and unfortunately it was only till after they ambushed Mike could they now finally sense it.

Mike felt The First Blade dig a little further into his skin.

A Blade that could kill anything in existence.

Mike reached towards his waist, tearing the blade from the waistband and unwrapping the cloth frantically as the Dogs were becoming more impatient by the second as they started to figure out he was not much of a threat.

That was until Mike's hand grasped the crude wooden handle of the blade.

Instantly both Blade and Mark shone red together as did the veins

between Mike's hand and the Mark. His hand was shaking as pure intoxicating power washed over him, seducing him with its song.

Mike's eyes drooped, his eyelids had closed half way as his body felt power washed through him along with red hot rage. Rage the likes Mike had never felt before, both Rage and Power working in tandem to spread to every corner of Mike's body. Bathing him in it. Allowing him to bask in its dangerous seduction.

His eyes sprung open.

His hold on the blade tightened.

And all he felt was a murderous rage.

(A/N) Hey guys i'm so very sorry this chapter so long to do, I had no idea where I was going to go with this story but now I have a basic plot outlined and I think it will be pretty awesome along with Mileven fluff and angst and of course Demon Mike!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

5. Of Regret and Remorse

(Flashbacks in Italics)

Rage.

There was nothing but Rage.

As the last body had fallen to the floor Mike had fallen onto his knees overwhelmed by his sudden unrelenting spite and contempt. It was like a fog had lifted from his eyes as he shakily looked around him, blood was splattered across the wooded area as it was barbarically torn out of them.

Each Demo-Dog lay still, unmoving. Their insides had been viciously slashed to pieces with trails of their innards littered in pieces around them. Evidence that a merciless force of destruction had torn from each and every one of them with the goal of causing much as pain and suffering as possible.

Mike looked down to his right arm as the glowing Mark began to fade to nothingness. The First Blade lay within his grasp, his fingers tight and tort around it unwilling to let go of the primal weapon. Blood glistened from tip to toe with it slowly sliding down the blades handle and onto Mike's fingers.

His hand that was holding the blade was shaking, his eyes were glazed over from being drunk with Power. As his eyes returned to normal, revulsion and horror replaced the anger, the hatred and the satisfaction of the slaughter. His hand stopped shaking as he looked around him, his head finally clear.

He had enjoyed it.

He had enjoyed gutting everything that he could get his hands on.

It had made him happy.

He couldn't fight the way bile forced his way up his throat, allowing his body to eject the contents of his stomach onto the damp Earth. He shakily rose to his feet, hand still tightly grasped around The First

their innocent minds unaware of the Horror that had taken place many years before their time. Only the echoes of their screams and gunfire remained.

Men in white hazard suits crept into the clearing, Geiger counters in hand and another measuring instrument in the other. They swept round the clearing like crows circling a carcass, studying, observing and documenting. What was left of the sun glittered off their visors. Allowing their counters to sweep over each dog and the man who had been killed.

There was a flash as one nameless figure took picture after picture of each corpse methodically with no visible emotion. Another was scooping remains into secure containers to be taken for systematic analysis.

"Mitchell, Report" A voice crackled over the radio attached to his chest. Mitchell unhooked the mic from his chest and spoke into the device.

"Doctor, we have found the remains of three EDE's (Extra Dimensional Entity) and a civilian fatality, we have also discovered trace radiation from Element 115 " Mitchell paused awaiting the ageing doctor's reply.

The ageing Doctor sighed into the comms unit before replying. "Gather the bodies, Bring them back to the Lab for examination. Burn the rest"

"Yes Doctor but what about the boy?" Mitchell asked tentatively.

"The Boy?" there was a small pause "The boy will come to us" there was a small humourless laugh "and where he goes she is sure to follow I can assure you"

"Yes Doctor" he affirmed.

The Scientist waved his hand through the air to signal them to proceed with Contamination control. Three pairs of hazard suit wearing men carefully lifted the Demo-dogs into highly pressurized preservation containers. Another zipped the man into a body bag and

face them, Blood dripping from the blade as glistened in the sun. His eyes full of ferocity, he breathed heavily as his hand tightened around the handle of the blade. The dead dog was still twitching even though it had been torn clean in half.

The two dogs gathered their monstrous composure. Before bounding towards the human that had come into their midst. Mike readied himself. The first dog leapt forward, it's flower face expanded to its full span, ready to engulf Mike's head. The Mark burned red like the gel-like nature of Napalm. His arm drew backward before letting it fly forward harshly where it went straight through the open mouth of the Demo-dog. It let out a pitiful and agonizing screech. It's body bathed in an orange glow that flickered as the life force was being extinguished by the power of the blade.

Mike twisted it with satisfaction before letting the dog slide off his arm and blade and onto the floor where it lay still and moved no-more.

Mike fell to his knee's at the lake by the Quarry, he frantically tried to clean the blood off himself. From his hands as it had flaked and dried in that time. Tears threatened to fall as he painstakingly scrubbed at his arm, slowly but surely making progress on getting blood that wasn't his from his body. The events of the hour started to slowly come to him in vivid detail. He could feel the wetness of the blood as it flowed freely from the wounds that he had caused. He could feel the rage. The power. The pleasure of everything he inflicted upon those who dared to get in his way of his wrath, whether they were innocent or not.

Mike simply stopped and let the tears fall, he couldn't stop them any more, not after what he had done.

Dart leapt at Mike just as the second Dog had struck the ground. Being taken by surprise he could not even lift the blade in time to defend himself. The blade flew from his grasp as he hit the damp earth hard knocking the wind out of him lightly. Dart lunged for his face, Mike only just managed to grip the base of it's neck preventing it from latching onto his face, the struggle was fierce and neither gave ground to the other. Mike defiantly into its face, his only thought was to kill.

Mike stretched forth his hand, desperately groping for the blade, fingers

outstretched painfully, it was futile as the blade was too far away for him to even realistically reach. The blade began to shake and vibrate violently. Mike's arm was starting to tire.

The Blade slid across the ground like it had been summoned and it flew into Mike's outstretched hand, Blade and Mark glowed in tandem together as Mike felt it's power course through his body, seducing him into its intoxicating lull. Mike glared hatefully at the beast above him. He plunged the first blade straight through the dog's neck. It whimpered pathetically before it's head drooped and hung down as the life left it.

He shoved the gutted body from atop of him and onto the ground beside him.

Mike sat up, lifting his soaked arm from the water and his guilt threatened to swallow him up whole. He felt completely alone in the world and that no-one would understand. Well, maybe one person would. He rushed over to his bike, mounting it and flying back into the woods with it.

The water lay still.

And the wildlife went deathly quiet.

Jake Peterson checked his watch and pulse, he was pleased to see that he was making better time on his circuit of Hawkins woods. He stopped for a breath, his muscles contracting as sweat poured from anywhere it could as he took several long sips from his water bottle.

His attention was drawn by the sound of pained grunting coming from a deeper area within the woods, Curious and slightly concerned he made his way carefully towards the sounds. He had just made his way over a mound to see a boy, no older than fifteen on his knees holding what looked like a jagged bone, his chest heaved heavily as he drew in long gulps of much needed oxygen.

He walked over to him quickly after seeing several dog sized bodies near him, blood oozing from the various wounds that had been inflicted upon them.

"Hey Kid? Are you oka-" he never managed to finish his sentence as the

(A/N) here we go guys, new chapter and I think I have my schedule back together for regular updates once more. I hope you guys enjoyed this one because more is on it's and it will be glorious, I have so much planned and so many twists that have never been done before, it will blow your minds!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

6. Kill Him! Kill Her! Kill Them!

A syringe pierced the skin of the dead demo-dog withdrawing the blood of the monster, a dark ruby red, so dark someone could have mistaken it for black ooze. Each scientist was still wearing a hazard in the pure white room. A clean Room. Each specimen was then carefully slotted back into the cryo-containemnt containment for preservation.

Several slices of flesh was also taken from one of the dogs for DNA and genetic analysis, slowly with careful precision each scientists used the barest minimum of genetic material in their research, research that was going very well.

One autopsy had been carried out on the most intact Demo-dog. Carefully examining its organs and biology which was like nothing on Earth or anything any of them would ever see ever again. A pudgy short statued man, with hair that was starting to bald and dressed in an almost entirely black suit save for the tie which was grey in colour stood at the observation window.

He watched the work with grim satisfaction, his hands were thrust deep into his suit jacket as he watched the Scientists mill about in the lab or clean room as they were better known as. A door beeped behind him as it was unlocked with a key card. The man watched out of the corner of his eye as the door opened and a grey haired man stepped through the door and into the viewing room into the clean room.

"Ah Dr. Brenner, Good to see you again" The man said warmly.

"Mr. Crowley, it's a pleasure" Brenner said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

The two shook hands briefly before both of them turned to the observation window to watch the work going on inside. Both men stood shoulder to shoulder silently for a small amount of time.

"I take it the resources we have provided have been of use?" Crowley asked turning Brenner's way

"Yes, very much so, in fact it's pushed the work we have done here fifty years overnight. Its quite extraordinary" Brenner said

"Good and then I trust our arrangement here in the States is still on good terms?"

Brenner looked at the demon knowingly.

"Of course, as long as you honour your side of the bargain then we shall uphold ours"

Crowley smiled wryly.

"Dr. Brenner, I have always had one rule, make a deal, keep it. I keep my agreements but now I have other matters to attend to, so if you'll excuse me" Crowley's eyes lit up demonic red.

Brenner smiled as he placed his palms upon the table in front of him, before looking to where Crowley had been mere moments before only to find that he had disappeared.

The Department of Energy had gained fifty years of groundbreaking research and advancement over night and now had power that no-one else on Earth could possibly possess the knowledge or the capabilities that the Department of Energy now had.

Brenner turned away from the observation window to look through another where a tank sat, roughly seven feet tall with a circumference of about five feet, the liquid inside it obscured the occupant inside it. Brenner looked at his newest creation and smiled not knowing that he was playing with a fire that he simply could not control for very long.

But nonetheless as Brenner bred and raised this new project with the newfound knowledge he could prove to his superiors that the project that had been focused on Eleven and the ten numbers before her was worth the countless amount of tax payers dollars and effort on a nationwide scale.

Brenner turned away from the tank and the monstrosity that lay within it.

His free hand had reached up to rub the sleep out of his eyes but instead coming into contact with El's fingers which were still tracing small patterns, weaving through and around Mike's freckles, he caught her fingers in his own curling them around hers, joining them together, he blinked as he got used to the light.

"Hey" he whispered faintly, a small smile creeping across his face

"Hi" she whispered back, matching his smile.

Any observer watching the two of them would instantly see the connection that they shared, how deep it was and how serious they both took what they had between them. All soft smiles, gentle whispers and long periods of eye contact only ever reserved for them.

Any observer would recognise such devotion. Mike and El had shifted ever closer to each other, eyes shifting down to their lips, there was nothing else in this moment, their eyes slowly closed as the magnetism that would always draw them together worked its magic upon them, their lips began to brush softly...

"AHM" a loud and gruff voice pierced through the cabin.

Both teens bolted to their feet like they just been electrocuted only to see Hopper looking at them with masked amusement and an arched eyebrow, Mike's face started to flash red with embarrassment and El felt no such embarrassment only annoyance at being interrupted although she had broken the don't be stupid rules she had no regrets, Mike needed her and she'd be damned if she didn't help him.

"What's going on here?" Hopper asked calmly, Hopper was a beefy man and that was enough to intimidate criminals but El was unfazed and Mike started to fluster with his words, stuttering constantly, Hopper just arched the other eyebrow in amusement, Hopper held up his hand to shush Mike who immediately quietened, he looked to El

"El what did we discuss?"

"Three Rules, don't be stupid rules" she muttered in response averting her gaze.

Hopper rubbed at his face tiredly.

"That's right" he affirms, he points to Mike however "so why is he here" Hopper asks bluntly.

"He needed me" she said defiantly,

"Needed you? Why?" Hopper asks looking at both of them in turn

there was a small silence that had enveloped the cabin. An awkward and pained silence, just the crackling of the fire could be heard or the whoosh of the wind from outside. Mike's composure was being lost by the second, the guilt had been eroding his soul harshly, not letting him know peace, he could still feel the man's blood dripping from the blade and onto his fingers.

Mike opened his mouth to say something but the Mark upon his became heavy and itchy, it was like it burned, burning its way through his body warning him to not pursue that course of action, his right fingers involuntarily twitched, desperate to wrap around the blade, desperate to feel the lust of the kill. To revel in such an unspeakable act. To violate the sanctity of life.

"I..." Mike started but the words failed to come out, every emotion was overwhelming him, the guilt, the anger and the fear. He hung his head in shame, allowing his hair to mask his eyes somewhat hiding those orbs that harboured so much guilt. He was backed into a corner now and he had no other choice.

Kill Him!

Kill Her!

Kill Them!

The words were a mere whisper inside him but they were heard clear as day and were whispered ferociously, spitefully and without remorse, the Mark on his arm began to glow red beneath his sleeve. His body felt like it was tearing him apart like a black hole, his mind filled with invasive thoughts. He was failing and falling.

He looked up to Hopper, eyes ablaze and the rage overcame him, it was too much too soon, his hand flew to the blade hidden in his waistband, allowing the ancient wooden handle to fall into his grasp. A sense of

euphoric calm washed over him as he held the blade in front of him, dried specks of blood still covered the blade. Mike's gaze turned to Hopper's hatefully, hate filled him because of what he had caused him and El to suffer for so very long. Separation. Mike's eyes flickered black briefly before launching himself towards Hopper, no-one had time to react as Mike sank the blade into Hopper's stomach...

Mike Blinked.

And found himself where he was a moment before. Hopper unharmed and waiting for an answer, his brow furrowed in ever shortening patience. Mike was unable to blink back tears as he began his confession that would either be his salvation or his damnation.

"I... hurt someone" He stuttered tearfully "I hurt them"

KILL THEM!

The Mark was begging to be fed but Mike would not submit. Not this time.

It was finally too much for Mike as he collapsed to the floor in a fit of sobs that racked his body, Hopper softened surprised to hear that Mike had hurt someone, this was Mike and it was throwing him for a loop, he glanced at El helplessly who looked at him helplessly, her own face reflecting the suffocating suffering that Mike was emanating, El closed the distance and wrapped her arms around him for she had already had guessed at what had happened.

For she too had taken life. She closed her eyes in silent sorrow for the boy who she was forever infatuated with.

"They're dead, oh God, they're dead!" Mike's throat was scratchy and strained, his eyes puffy and red but were filled with more than just tears. They were filled with guilt and shame, Hoppers blood ran cold upon Mike's proclamation of murder but their were not enough details and he could only watch as Mike as suddenly rushed into the toilet and forcibly rejected the bile that was in his empty stomach. Hopper hadn't noticed that El had followed not more than a second later.

Leaving Hopper alone, his duty as a Cop demanded that he follow the law of order and detain Mike at least until he could verify his claim of murder, after all the boy had just confessed to murder but the fatherly instinct in him told him to protect Mike and both sides of his heart fought for dominance until the father in him won. With an inward sigh and a dose of hindsight he knew that El would just find a way to break him out or worse, she had made it clear that nothing was going to come between the two of them.

Hopper was brought out of his stupor as El walked out with a tired looking Mike in hand.

"Mike, I need you to be honest and open about this, what happened?" Hopper said firmly

Mike simply nodded nervously as El looked on at him with concern etched upon her features, her thumb constantly stroking patterns upon his own in order to calm him down.

Mike started at the beginning starting with El closing the gate and the night that succeeded it and how Cain had offered him his Mark and the weapon that went with it in order to protect El and in that a moment of blind love and foolishness he had accepted. Hopper felt a cold chill sweep down his spine as he mentioned the Mark.

Hopper was not a Christian in the usual sense but he had been raised by religious parents and he knew the story of Cain, how he murdered his Brother Abel and was cursed to forever wander the Earth by God with a Mark upon him but even now Hopper knew this was not the full version of that particular story especially if Mike was telling the truth.

Mike rolled up sleeve, both pair of eyes looked to his arm and saw The Mark sitting there under the crook of his arm joint. It looked like burnt flesh and scar tissue. Hopper felt his stomach drop but his eyes rose when he saw Mike slowly take out a cloth covered object that had been hidden in the waistband. His hand reaching forward to Hopper, offering him the weapon. Hopper took it slowly and carefully, exposing the jawbone, Hopper looked up to Mike in astonishment and then back down to the blade again, lifting it into a ray of light where Hopper could see the Blood upon it.

"I need you to explain now" Hopper demanded, his expression was almost angry but really it was just well masked worry.

"I got attacked on the jogging path that runs through Mirkwood"

"Attacked? Attacked by who? A man?" Hopper questioned.

Mike shook his head

"No, they were Demo-Dogs, three of them, they knocked me off my Bike and Cain told me not to touch the blade until it was needed and I took it out and when I touched it and it was like this strength or power passed through me, I felt strong but also angry, murderous, enraged and there was nothing I wanted to do more than rip them apart" Mike explained his voice tinged with shame.

El watched, knowing what was coming next, she had felt rage before but what Mike was about to describe was something not even she felt when she used her power in anger, for her she was always in control.

"and I did... I ripped them apart. I was so angry and it was like I was just along for the ride. It was a blur, but as I killed them the anger just increased and it was like I couldn't cause them enough pain and then it felt like I was in control again, the man came and..." Mike couldn't finish but Hopper had pieced together what must of happened.

Hopper flew into action and reached for his sheriffs hat and revolver and turned to the two of them.

"Stay here, keep the door locked and don't answer to anyone but me, understand?" Hopper demanded as he holstered his revolver, the two teens nodded and satisfied with that Hopper trudged out of the door, closing it behind him. El quickly waved her hand and the locks on the door fastened tight.

El looked at Mike worriedly, his gaze had settled on the table where the blade sat, she followed his eyes to see what he was looking at and swallowed nervously, it was like a shadow over them and felt like it was a suffocating presence in the room. The Blade was calling to Mike and Mike was starting to lose his strength of will, having

already submitted to the call of rage

El waved her hand and the cloth wrapped the blade up, obscuring it from view. Mike's gaze finally fell away from the table and looked at El and there was the will to resist that he had been searching for. The girl who had taken his heart and wouldn't give it back, she was the source of his strength and his desire to resist. This is what he would fight for. He looked back to the covered up blade and back to her.

"I'm sorry El..." Mike whispered solemnly "I... couldn't... I...I couldn't lose you, not again" El wordlessly gripped onto Mike tight as she wrapped her arms around him, Muffling the near sob that Mike let out against her, letting everything come out of him, the two teens just stood there and each other close as they possibly could. Forever if they could.

"You won't lose me" El said quietly but with such determined conviction.

And as Mike and El held each other in an embrace of the age, there should have been nothing in the world but the two of them but even now in such a sweet, tender moment between two rapidly falling in love teens, the voice of the Mark still called to Mike.

And Mike closed his eyes tightly, desperately trying to drown out the voice that was screaming in his ear.

KILL HER!

KILL HER!

KILL HER!

(A/N) damn... The Mark has gotten it's claws into Mike's mind, how long will he resist before shit starts to hit the fan lol I hope you enjoyed this one guys, got so much more planned for this story. Also I'm planning a new World War II AU, basic premise has been brainstormed and the working title is "Wunderwaffle 011" i'm looking to write that when im finished with this!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

7. Man and Monster

Dr Martin Brenner was a man of many things, some may call him a monster for the things that he had done, the things he was doing and the things that he had yet to do, some may call him a genius for his progression in his official field of Energy. But in the harsh reality of the world His work on Genetics, Genome analysis and Genetic manipulation was unparalleled. And there were some who called him insane for messing with things that ought not to be messed with.

One of those things was sitting in the tank in front of Brenner, the murky contents of the liquid kept its occupant obscured from view of the outside world expect for patches of grey leathery skin that would poke through, Brenner looked on with narrowed eyes at his desecration of nature and the rape of what was the natural world.

It was an unnatural abomination, disgusting and wretched. A monster designed with the sole purpose to kill anything that was to get in its way with deadly precision and a bloodlust rivalled by no other in the natural world. Brenner's mouth curled slightly looking at this other worldly thing, his monster was close to being fully complete.

Brenner leapt back from the tank as a clawed hand smashed against the glass, scraping down the interior as it tried to rake at Brenner, who it saw as an intruder in its midst, although fascinated by its instincts and behavioural traits Brenner proceeded to press a button upon the console in front of him, the creature within howled with excruciating agony as millions of volts of electricity were sent coursing through its body without pause, without relent, without mercy.

Neither man or monster understood the concept of such a thing.

Eventually the thing withdraw its hand back into the murky depths of the tank. Brenner finally let the creature know rest by withdrawing his hand from the console. The monster that lay within moved no more at least for the time being. The glass was scratched, the marks were spine chilling, evidence of a beast that could and would not be contained.

"My, my, Dr Brenner, remind me never to leave one of my hounds with you" Crowley chuckled eyeing the tank having witnessed the display of brutality brought forth by Brenner's hand. Brenner's mouth curved in satisfaction.

"I just thought I would stop by and see if our terms have been honoured" Crowley narrowed his eyes slightly at Brenner, the look was enough to even unnerve the ageing doctor.

"Yes, of course, I would expect nothing less" Brenner began, moving closer to the demon. "The British Men of Letters have agreed to leave Demon kind alone in the UK, we only managed to secure the deal by uhhhhh well lets just say releasing several of their assets back into their hands" Brenner said, his smile cold and his eyes were like the howling void.

Crowley huffed positively with a satisfied small smile "Good. Hell will always be willing to talk business in the future Mr. Brenner, good day to you"

Brenner didn't even bother to look back as Crowley vanished from the room without a trace, he finally got what he needed to further his goals, knowledge that he would not have been able to acquire otherwise if it wasn't for the demon in their midst.

Ever since he was young it was always about the mission. He had been there when American after American was being mowed down by relentless machine gun fire, it had been like going through a meat grinder. For his enemy had been the Germans, then it was Japanese but the worst enemy of all revealed themselves as an Iron Curtain fell across Europe. That day Brenner swore that America would never fall to the disgusting stench that was Communism. Even at the age of twenty one as the Second World War ended he vowed that he would do anything in his power to make sure that would never happen.

It was an oath that led him here. Led him to this place. On the cusp of realizing his dream, his goal, his ambition and his consuming need to defeat communism and the filth that ruled over them. One Day, one day American soldiers would march victoriously through the Red Square. Hoisting the stars and stripes over the land.

He had searched the spot from top to bottom for the bodies that Mike had claimed were there, the place was completely clear of any body or bodies. But Hopper knew when there was a fox in his hen house and he was getting that feeling right now, something didn't sit right with him since the moment that he got there. The first thing he noticed was the total stillness of the world around him. There was no wind and there wasn't even the comforting sound of the birds.

It was deathly quiet.

Hopper's thoughts wandered to Mike, Hopper was pretty sure of what was sitting upon Mike's arm. The Mark of Cain as far as Hopper knew was the curse placed upon Cain by God where he would wander the Earth forever. Hopper simply could not fathom how Mike had the mark or how Mike had the fabled weapon that Cain had used to murder his brother.

None of it made sense to him and he doubted that it would anytime soon for that matter. As Hopper mused over this something happened to catch his eye. A speck of blood was splattered onto a tree, its bark slightly withered which Hopper noted was now the first signs that a struggle had actually taken place, he moved closer to it whereupon he shined his flashlight upon it.

It hissed as the light made contact with it and Hopper watched with amazement as the blood started to bubble and turn into steam, Hopper hastily turned the flash light off in a futile attempt to stop the only piece of evidence from vanishing into thin air and he could do nothing but watch as this happened.

"Son of a bitch" he muttered in frustration running a hand through his hair which he sure was starting to go grey with sheer stress.

He looked up and placed the light back into his belt. Before carefully walking around the site to try and find more evidence, evidence of any sort would have been sufficient, a chill went down his spine at the sudden realization that the place was too clean, clinically clean, save for that one spot Hopper found, his blood ran cold and he realised the Lab was still very much active.

A twig snapped behind him and Hopper spun round, withdrawing his

revolver from its holster and drawing it to eye level all in the same moment.

Only to see nothing, the air around him was deathly quiet save for the nervous breathing of the ageing Police Chief. Still there was nothing as he waited with baited breath. His eyes sweeping the Forrest in front of him, he lowered his weapon after what seemed like a lifetime, forcing himself to chuckle at how paranoid he seemed to be. But there was that nagging thought in the back of his mind, that warriors instinct that had served him well in the past, he had been in Vietnam when all you had was your senses and gut instinct. Something that had saved him countless times in the past.

Unfortunately that Warrior instinct as right as it was would not save him in this moment. For it was above and beyond anything that Hopper could hope to win against.

And from the Veil of Darkness like an emerging shadow they appeared.

Hopper's eyes widened as the figure took its first steps out of the shadow of the tree. Completely covered in black fabric from head to toe. It's black boots were completely featureless with no visible laces or straps. It's cowl obscured the top of it's head where a cape flowed down its body that split in half halfway down. It wore gloves made of black leather, not a single bit of skin was visible save for the chin and mouth revealing they were human. However, where it's jaw should have been sat only a mask, painted white to look like a ferocious and monstrous yet human shaped skull. Only the actual flesh of the person stood in place of where the jawbone should have been. It's hands were lax at their side. Fingers flexed back and forth as they regarded Hopper with almost curios like posture.

It began to take deliberate and calculated steps towards Hopper who responded in kind by opening fire. Letting loose with a barrage of as many rounds as he could fire. Its hand flew up blindingly fast, impossibly fast. Hopper could do nothing but watch in horror as the bullets hit thin air, there was a slight shimmer in the air every time a bullet was stopped dead in its tracks. It turned its hand over palm side up, each bullet was squashed inward upon itself as it floated the rounds into it's waiting hand.

The figure regarded them with dispassionate interest before letting them slowly tumble into the dirt, making sure that Hopper watched this display of power, Hopper nevertheless was already reloading his revolver. He was only three bullets in before the figure thrust its palm forward. With a flick of its wrist the weapon was flung from the Chief's fingers. Leaving him to the mercy of the Entity.

Hopper would not run, he would not beg and he would not Surrender. He stared down at the figure defiantly as it regarded him, the only window into it's emotion was it's mouth which hadn't strayed from the apathy that had been on display during the entire encounter.

Its hand slowly flexed its fingers and Hopper felt himself being lifted off the ground, he began to levitate towards the figure, Hopper was utterly powerless and even in the deepest, darkest corners of his mind he felt fear, not just for himself but also for Eleven, his adopted daughter and of what would happen to her if he was no longer there.

It was this fear, this determination, this sheer strength of will that Hopper found the strength to fight back against this power that was holding him aloft, to fight this very human yet inhuman thing, his mind screamed at the figure before him and its power began to wane and Hopper felt himself tumble to the floor. He bolted to his feet in amazement and made a dash for the weapon that had been discarded mere moments before. He scrambled towards it, he turned, weapon in hand and was ready to pull the trigger but the figure was already upon him and with a sheer force of strength it forced the gun into the air where Hopper involuntarily fired off a shot into the birdless sky. His shout of pain echoed along with the shot.

It flung it's free hand at Hopper who found himself pinned to the tree by this thing's power. It raised its other hand, underneath even the black leather of the glove there was this unmistakeable orange glow emanating from the palm of this being. The weapon in Hopper's hand began to become unbearably hot as it too glowed red hot and the Chief was forced to let his faithful weapon fall pathetically to the floor with a dull thud. The Weapon was beyond melted to the point where it began effectively liquid metal

The figure leaned In with a final trace of emotion upon what was the

only visible part of it's face. It's mouth curved ever so slightly upwards in sadistic joy.

"That was amusing" its voice was that of a coarse and hoarse whisper yet there was power laced within it's words and a sadism that even Hopper had never had the misfortune to know up until this point in his life. And it was the last thought in his mind as the nameless figure reached with two fingers and pressed them to Hopper's sweaty forehead, the irresistible lull of sleep called to him and he felt himself surrendering to it's song but not before he caught the last words of the figure beforehand.

"and yet there is more to come"

and with that Hopper fell from the waking world.

(A/N) I have had trouble with motivation in writing this story as it seems less popular than my other stories along with the lack of reviews/interest, but nevertheless I will see this through to the end for the ones who are reading, I have put this off for far to long which Is no-one fault but my own. The plot has been fully figured out with some great twists to come which I look forward to exploring.

I haven't abandoned this story nor will I in the future.

When this story is over I shall be proceeding with a AU World War II story idea which I also look forward to writing in the near future.

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

8. Alpha & Omega

72 HOURS EARLIER

MISSION REPORT.

DATE: CLASSIFIED

LOCATION: Soviet Union, Russia. The архангел project (Arkangel)

50 Miles south of Moscow.

AGENCIES: KGB. NVKD.

ASSETS USED: The Omega Project – Successor of the Eleventh Hour Project.

STATUS OF OMEGA PROJECT: ALIVE – 0 FATALITIES.

MISSION STATUS: SUCCESS – FACILITY DESTROYED - ASSET RETRIEVED - ELEMENT 115 – Purpose: CLASSIFIED

MISSION STATEMENT:

The CIA has provided the department with accurate intelligence of the Soviet Union's attempts to replicate and repeat the incident that took place in November, 1983. Their aim is to harness the energy also known as ELEMENT 115 from the dimension classified as EDR-1 (Extra Dimensional Reality) or commonly known to the civilians involved in the November Incident as the Upside-Down.

They have been using this Element to experiment in enhancing human subjects to effectively create Super-Soldiers, PROJECT ARKANGEL. Since the Closure of the gate to EDR-1 we have been unable to harness this Element. As to how the Russians are obtaining this is as of this moment unknown. However, we cannot allow them to use this Energy to further their known goals and objectives.

I have chosen to dispatch PROJECT OMEGA to infiltrate the facility, retrieve the 115 they have obtained and destroy the facility along with any other asset they just so happen to possess. This will also provide the perfect opportunity to test the capabilities and limits of PROJECT OMEGA and see if PROJECT OMEGA is fully equipped for War against the Soviet Union.

This document will be added to upon Mission Completion/Failure.

Signed.

DR MARTIN BRENNER.

United States Department of Energy.

First Person Perspective.

Who am I?

What am I?

What is my purpose?

These are questions I learned to put aside so very long ago. For they were answered for me. I am nothing, I am but darkness and shadow. My purpose was made clear to me long ago, my purpose

is to infiltrate, Kill, Destroy.

For there is nothing but the mission. I have forever wondered what first blood will feel like. Of course I have killed before in tests and experimented on pathetic Humans and creatures not worthy to be killed by my power. They were not worthy to even bear witness to it.

I want to kill, to feel the life slowly slip away from them and watch the light leave their eyes. Father keeps telling to not let my lust to kill to interfere with the mission. I obey because Father is right and I rake in the bloodlust for the kill no matter how much it may call to me.

I place the mask upon my face where even my eyes cannot be seen, only my jaw so they can see my pleasure as I take their pitiful lives. I lift my

cowl to cover the rest of my head and I take comfort in being obscured in darkness. My amber eyes glow hungrily behind the mask, seeping from the abyss.

As I sit here in this plane being ferried to my target I can feel the pilot's nervousness and anxiety, not from flying into soviet scum airspace. No... he fears me and it feeds me, feeds my desire to Kill, he is right to fear me because I could slaughter him in a thousand different ways, each one would be so painful and excruciating to even witness. But I will have plenty of breakable toys to play with soon... finally.

For I am Omega, The Destroyer and soon to be Killer.

The F1A1 stealth jet easily slipped past the Russian border without notice. It was silent and swift, it was a specially designed fighter for the OMEGA project, to slip beyond the borders of the enemy, to cripple, to kill, to assassinate, it was outfitted for any mission profile, even though it was barely beyond the design stage it was still filled the role that was needed for it to perform.

Omega turned their head slightly to regard the pilot before them sensing the stench of fear that was rolling off of him in waves, their mouth curved slightly as they enjoyed the man's pulsating fear, they flexed their fingers, their Sai lay clipped to their belt waiting to be called into service among along with similar deadly weapons.

The cabin was relatively pitch black save for the glowing amber eyes of Omega who watched the pilot hungrily, wanting to pounce upon their prey like a predator in the jungle. The pilot could feel it behind him, it was was unnatural, his breath shook but he remained steady as he pressed several keys in sequence.

The Cabin was lit up in a shade of red.

Omega lifted themselves up as they made their way to the side of the jet ready to leap into the blackness below them. The Light turned from red to green Omega surveyed the inky darkness of night, their amber eyes were able to see through the lack of light and saw the facility that they needed to penetrate, Omega allowed themselves to fall freely as they fell away from the jet, away from safety and into what was soon going to become hell.

Omega fell fast and furious, diving towards the ground, plummeting into the void, Omega felt free for the first time in many years, the whooshing of the wind was something akin to magic and their eyes briefly closed to enjoy the sensation. Their amber eyes opened and narrowed angrily, allowing the power to course through their veins, the barely contained power that fused every fibre of their being together, such strength, such potential to be above and beyond anything else that came before them.

They threw their hands out in front of them allowing them to glide gently to the floor, they landed lightly on their feet, snow covered the ground as far as the eye could see, Omega could not help but spit in disgust as they slowly walked around a fairly large area, thirty feet in circumference, seeing their way in Omega's mouth curved up slightly as they found what they were looking for.

The metal grill was flung away and Omega climbed in, ready to fulfil their role in the events to come.

XxXXxXxXxXxXxXx

Coiling the darkness around themselves, Omega was able to sneak through the facility undetected and unseen, whilst Omega had been given complete freedom to destroy the facility as they saw fit it couldn't be done yet as there were other objectives that needed to be completed first. Omega skulked around the darkest corners, whilst Omega was not invisible, it was hard as hell to spot Omega in the dark. Direct light would be enough to reveal Omega to the world but for now the darkness held them with a cold comfort.

Soviet Soldiers roamed the halls constantly, some talking, obviously off duty, whilst others were not so much and were armed to the teeth primarily with the AKM Assault Rifle, 7.62mm. Omega watched them with a battle-lust and with envy looking forward to when they can face them head on, it was a moment they were looking forward too, their fingers flexed, itching to wrap a hand around the Sai.

But Omega resisted the urge to slice them apart and turned away and headed for the upper levels. Omega found themselves in a vast hanger and Omega's amber eyes widened in shock perhaps even fear that is if Omega considered themselves to be able to feel such an

Emotion.

There was row upon row of T-80 tanks and Mi-24 Helicopters more commonly known as HINDS. Each one was war ready, Engineers milled about making constant adjustments to the Vehicles that they have been give responsibility over, Omega watched as carts were being driven along with Tank shells as their cargo, Omega's glowing amber eyes darkened as they recognised the signature of a substance they had been sent to destroy the source of and retrieve.

Element 115.

The Soviet Union, Omega realized, had managed to weaponize the Element, being utilized in Self-Propelled Guns and Armour and the effects of the weaponized element could cause an untold amount of carnage and suffering. Even Father had no idea of what the implications of weaponized Element 115 could do to the world being more focused on its enhancement applications on Human beings.

Omega turned away and moved deeper into the facility.

xXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxxX

003.

That was his name.

His number.

For all his life that's all he had been known as.

The 003 had been tattooed to the the arm of him just like all the rest of them. He sat huddled on his bed, draping the blanket around him that the Soviets had been considerate enough to give him. after they "liberated him" from an Alaskan Lab belonging to the Department of Energy they had brought him back to Russia where 003 finally felt a kindness in his life that he never experienced, whilst life in the old lab was horrible, depressing and borderline torturous at the best of times. Life here was different, people spoke to him rather than down to him, he was comfortable and fed well.

003 like all projects was fluent in Russian due to the nature of the

mission they supposed to perform once they had reached maturity

He was even given a proper name.

Antosha.

When the General told him of this he felt tears well up in his eyes, the kindness and the consideration of everyone around him had won Antosha's loyalty where he willingly used his power to replicate and synthesize the Element 115.

Antosha knew that everything his Papa had taught him about the Soviets and Communism was now a lie. A filthy fucking lie. Day in and day out he would sit in the lab synthesizing the copious amounts of 115. The General had made sure that Antosha knew that producing the element was his choice and they wouldn't force him.

He was rewarded for his loyalty to the Soviet Union, to day's out in the nearby village. Being allowed out to explore the vast forests around him as long as he was back by nightfall and didn't stray too far from the base. It was here that he would experience the freedom that no other project other than 011 would ever dream of having the chance to do.

It was perfect.

Antosha's eyes shot up towards the door as the metal began to groan and warp as a presence on the other side manipulated it, Antosha watched with apprehension as the door finally gave away to the pressure on the other side, being flung away and into the corridor.

Omega appeared looking like Death incarnate as they slid into the room with a refined elegance. Their mouth was curved upwards into a twisted smile and the amber eyes glowed menacingly inside the mask's eye sockets, Antosha felt a chill go down his spine at seeing this demonic looking entity. Then it spoke to him.

"003" Omega said.

Antosha frowned at the figure's use of English and even more so at the use of his number, not his name.

"It's Antosha" He replied "has Papa sent for me, considering you're here it wouldn't surprise me" Antosha added bitterly.

"No, Father did not send for you" Omega said cryptically "but he did send me to end this project of theirs" Omega allowed a blade to fall from the inside of their sleeve. Antosha looked down to see the blade clasped in Omega's hand. Antosha smiled in resignation.

"I read the files on you, 003" Omega spat angrily, their amber eyes glowed just that much brighter "You have betrayed us and for that you will die"

Antosha was going to go down fighting, he leapt up to his feet and quickly conjured up several metal spikes and flung them towards Omega who easily swatted them aside with a mere wave of their hand.

Omega laughed cruelly "you were not designed to fight and you know it" Antosha gulped nervously knowing that there was truth behind Omega's words. "but I on the other hand? I was made to destroy and destroy you I shall, I will make father proud!" Omega roared and their hand flew up and Antosha found themselves flung into the corridor, he groaned as he felt his ribs bruise from the impact of hitting the hard tiled floor.

He had no time to regain his breath as he felt his body suddenly was flung back towards Omega. He could only watch as he was stopped in front of Omega, forcing him to his knee's, he glared up defiantly at Omega, he felt hot searing pain as Omega shoved the blade deep into his chest. Omega closed their eyes in bliss, finally being able to feel a life being destroyed by them.

Antosha didn't scream but he raised his hand weakly toward Omega who clasped their hand on his, both of them clasping their hands tightly together. Antosha spat blood from his mouth onto the floor despite the fact that his lungs were drowning in his own blood.

His eyes met Omega.

"I forgive you, Sister"

and the light faded from his eyes and Antosha, 003, breathed no more"

"Thank you, Brother"

Omega then gently lay her Brothers head on the floor.

Omega lifted her head up sharply, amber eyes glowered angrily and let out a telekinetic scream that reverberated throughout the facility. And every man within trembled in fear.

Far away in Hawkins, Eleven wept uncontrollably as she felt her Brother's death and Hopper held an inconsolable El as she wept. The half digested contents of her dinner lay splattered on the floor.

(A/N) inspiration hit me like a freight train this week and I can't wait to explore the aspect of this storyline even more, this is bigger than anything else I have attempted before. I just hope the views increase! Lol

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

9. The Rage of a Sister

ASSET PROFILE

DESIGNATION – 003

SEX – MALE

DATE OF BIRTH – 03/24/1970

PURPOSE - Experimental Bio-Weapon

AFFILIATION - The Eleventh Hour Project.

KNOWN POWERS

ELEMENT REPLICATION

ELEMENT SYNTHIZATION

LOW LEVEL TELEKINESIS

ELEMENTAL MANIPULATION/CREATING COMPOUNDS

ASSET BRIEFING.

003 is a very curious test subject, from an early age he displayed the ability to recreate elements simply by being touching them, the chemical composition and the Atomic structure is so perfectly replicated during the process. However, there are side effects to this ability being used by 003. The replication of the element burns a huge amount of calories depending on the element chosen for replication. This is rectified simply by having huge stockpiles of high calorie food and protein supplements in store for 003 when needed.

Another is extreme exhaustion, the more complicated the element, the more exhausted 003 shall become, we have taken measures to train 003 to use his power harder, longer to the point where mass production of rare elements becomes somewhat feasible. The progress at this stage is still ongoing, he

continues to show growth and progress in this area.

Telekinesis is something belonging to only two other subjects, a rare ability indeed. However for the moment we are not focusing the departments energies to the development of this ability, the replication of any Element is something we simply cannot ignore, if we find a way to mass produce Elements we need it could change the course of history.

We have also seen that it is possible for 003 to create compounds. At this present time 003 is only able to create the simplest of compounds such as Carbon Dioxide and Water. I believe with careful instruction and moulding, 003 will further enhance this extraordinary ability.

My Recommendation is that we continue this line of experimentation, my belief is that with continued funding and further research it may lead to new lines of avenue once considered infeasible to pursue such as Nuclear Fusion, such things may now be possible.

Signed.

Dr. Martin Brenner.

United States Department of Energy.

Omega's fury and rage was like a whirlwind of death and destruction. Nothing that found itself in her path was able escape her wrath, the warpath that she had now placed herself upon had to be traversed to its bitter conclusion.

Her Telekinetic infused scream reverberated throughout the vast facility after committing what was essentially fratricide, the facility shook with the strain and several specks of dust and grit fell from the ceiling, rising to her feet she left 003 where he lay, his problems and suffering over forever.

Her mind was already unstable as it was due to what the Lab had inflicted upon her over the many years of her life, the experiments, the indoctrination and the training. There was one thing that always

remained constant, the familial bond that had always been there with the other Numbers, it had been there from the moment of birth and would be there to the moment of Death.

Fire encompassed her hands as the rage was unable to be contained. Fire flowed from her finger tips, spreading like some unstoppable disease, it raged through corridors and into rooms full of soldiers, burning them alive in their sleep, they woke up screaming as the flesh melted from the intense heat, the searing pain left them screaming to the very end.

Предупреждение! Поле активно!

(WARNING! FIELD IS NOW ACTIVE!)

Omega understood perfect Russian and briefly pondered what was happening but deciding that she didn't care she proceeded to roam anywhere that wasn't already engulfed by her grief induced fire. She hastily moved down the corridor that led to the hanger that contained the war ready weapons using Element 115.

She Snarled as she watched four Soviet Soldiers rush around the corner at the end of the corridor, there was a pause before all hell broke loose. The four Soviet's opened fire with their AK-74 Assault rifles. Omega threw her hands up and the bullets were forcibly halted, hovering mere inches from Omega's outstretched palm, her palm twisted slightly and she uncurled her fingers, the bullets slowly began to spin and rotate a full one hundred and eighty degrees, her smile curled sadistically as she flicked her wrist.

The bullets accelerated, Omega's hand began to glow a faint orange as she used her power to ignite the tips of those bullets and watched with fascination as they came into contact with flesh. Omega heard the screams of those men as she pulled them towards her, before flinging them headfirst into the walls on either side of her, their lifeless bodies sliding to the floor, necks broken and blood leaking from the holes made by their own bullets.

She couldn't stop their tormented screams which were loud enough to wake the dead. More Men poured round the corner, Omega almost twitched in pleasure, there were so many things that she wanted to

try out and do. There was utter chaos as they immediately opened fire on her. The rounds didn't matter as they melted before they even had the chance to hit her. The only indicator were the sparks as they clashed with her shield, melting them almost instantly.

Her amber eyes glowed just that little much brighter as she stretched forth her hand once more, red energy sparked between her fingertips, allowing it to consume her, to consummate her in it's potent energies, seducing her with the power it promised.

The Soldiers lowered their weapons slightly as the guns finally clicked empty, watching as Red sparks darted between her fingers like Lightning strikes in the night, the lights in the corridor sparked and burst in a shower of embers, the only source of light was from her devil-like eyes and the sparks that danced around her fingers, she thrust her hand forward and the Men felt their guns being torn from them before landing at Omega's feet.

Red bolts of dark energy raced from her fingers to two soldiers in a flash, it was blood curdling as they verbalized their suffering as their flesh and muscle began to disintegrate alarmingly fast, their agonized screeches were abruptly cut short as their voice box was also eviscerated into nothingness. The smoking and bloody remains of their Skeletons hit the floor with an uncomfortable thump.

Omega laughed Cruelly as these hardened men of the Soviet Army were reduced to mere children as they scrambled away from her, she knew no mercy, no compassion as she held them in place with a hand. She launched a bolt of darkened red energy at one of their legs she watched in amused, sadistic satisfaction as the bolt ripped clean through his kneecap. His lower leg separated from the rest of his body. She allowed him to collapse to the floor, He clutched at the bloody stump, shocked into silence by the sudden loss of his limb.

She clenched her fist tightly, crushing both his lungs and heart with Telekinesis, he was unable to scream as he died, his breath stolen from him like a thief in the night. His lifeless body collapsed with the nameless that had died by her hand. Like lambs to the slaughter.

Finally she pulled the last one towards her slowly, he struggled against her power. She noted that he wasn't fearful but angry. She

tilted her head, fascinated by the Soldier's lack of fear or apparent lack of it. His eyes looked at her hatefully. She could sense an undercurrent or modicum of power beneath the surface, it wasn't natural either, it was over-exposure to the rawness of Element 115.

"Я не боюсь тебя, Демон!"

(I do not fear you, Demon!"

Her lips curled upwards in amusement.

"Демон? о нет, я намного хуже, чем"

(Demon? Oh no I am something much worse than that)

She flung her arm backwards carelessly, the Solider made a horrible crunching sound as his head collided with solid concrete, his blood slowly cascading down the wall as his lifeless body slumped to the floor. A light continued to spark as Omega moved on, his light and life extinguished like the purging of vermin.

Her boots clicked against the floor as she made her way to her destination, The hanger was now in view and Omega watched as the Soldiers had been ready for her, she noted with calm that some of the weapons pointed her way were not ballistic in nature, the Tanks however remined static, their heavy fire would rupture the already volatile state of 115.

"Поддерживайте свою цель и по моей команде огонь"

(Maintain your aim and upon my command fire)

Omega watched in a bored disinterest as each weapon was primed to fire upon her, she reached out with her senses, sensing the calibre of each weapon and the weapons that weren't ballistic in nature, Prototype Energy throwers. Crude and rushed in design but otherwise effective Omega noticed.

The energies had been compressed, folded back and concentrated. It was enough to vaporise a lifeform that were to come into contact with it. Not dissimilar to her own power.

"Открытый огонь!"

(Open Fire!)

The room was filled with the sound overwhelming gunfire and sizzling sound of the Energy throwers, along with the glow of red that shone from it. Omega had already risen her arms allowing the bullets to melt harmlessly in her shield. She was almost bored by the entire affair. Sparks of amber bounced off the shield as the bullets were melted just like all the rest of them, Red Energy flew at the shield, its hostile nature easily dispersed by the superior power of Omega

Weapons clicked empty around the room as the last of the shell casings clattered to the floor and the Energy throwers hissed as they overheated, she stepped forward as silence engulfed the room, her Amber eyes searched the room each in turn.

As she moved forward to the storage stacks, in her arrogance and seduction of power, she had failed to notice that a Soldier had remained out of sight amongst the crates littered around the stacks. His nature of attack was to be of a more physical nature.

She stepped forward again.

"Эта? Это могучий Советский Союз может на меня наброситься? Ржавые кусочки металла и вспышки света? Считайте меня ... разочарованным, это все, что вы можете заклинять против моей мощи? Ты умрешь. Я пошлю тебя, как дети, в ночь"

(This? This is what the mighty Soviet Union can throw at me? Rusty pieces of metal and flashes of light? Consider me... disappointed, this is all you can conjure against my might? You will die. I will send you howling like children into the night)

The Soldier yelled with ferocity that only Russians seemed capable of as he stepped forth from his hiding spot, his fist clenched tightly as he swung with the anger of a bear. Omega too was stunned as were everyone else, as they seemed to watch in slow motion at the events that were transpiring before them, morbidly fascinated with the outcome.

His hand collided with ferocious force against Omega's face, everyone watched, stunned as Omega fell backwards hitting the floor harshly, her forcefield shimmered slightly as it weakened for the briefest of moments but otherwise remained intact.

There was a loud clatter as her mask fell to the floor some feet away, her cowl fell backwards too revealing to everyone's shock a girl no older than sixteen, with black hair that reached her shoulders, her face had no imperfections, her skin was light and borderline pale. Yet her eyes still glowered a vicious amber.

Her face was thunderous as she rose swiftly to her feet, the nameless Solider backed away on instinct, unrefined and vindictive anger flowed through her, she screamed at him, their was a high-pitched wail laced within it, everyone covered their ears as it pierced through them.

The Nameless Soldier, was not so lucky however, he felt his bones shatter as he was inwardly crushed by the rage that he had brought on upon himself, his organs were crushed and his blood boiled. He exploded in a shower of blood and gore. Omega then raised her hand, her eyes glittering with malice as the Soldier's didn't know what was happening, at least until it was too late.

There was the unmistakeable smell of sweat and fear as she raised her hand, her lip quivered once with the effort and concentration of exerting her will over such small objects. Only when did they hear the near simultaneous clicking sound did they realize what happened.

Her eyes lit up with sadistic joy, each of the Soldiers standard issue F1 Fragmentation Grenade floated in front of them and there right alongside them was the pin to each and every Grenade. The only thing preventing them from being primed was the lever on the side of each Grenade, Omega was keeping them down with the sheer exertion of her almost indomitable will.

The pins hit the floor unnoticed by the Soldiers, they were all too concerned with the ever present danger of the soon to be primed devices. Omega moved through the crowd slowly, her eyes emanating fury yet even as this transpired, blood trailing down from her nose heavily, several of those Soldiers were captivated by her beauty. Yet

none made a move to towards her as she walked amongst them. Knowing that if they did anything than the grenades would fall and they would all die.

Her other arm was raised towards the other side of the room and her mask flew into her outstretched palm, she examined it carefully before carefully placing it back on her face. Only her mouth and her eyes surrounded by the sea of Black were the only features now visible. She raised the cowl back over her head obscuring her obsidian coloured hair once more.

She turned her back on them, only then did they realize she was now next to one of the trucks that they had been loading up with Element 115, a mere tarp covered the delicate contents it was ferrying. She twisted her wrist and the engine roared to life, kicking it into gear, slamming her foot down, the truck roared out of the corridor and down the narrow tunnel towards daylight.

But within the Hanger the Soldiers clambered for the Grenades but it was too late, ever lever sprung up and the grenades fell to the floor. Explosions rocked the entire floor but one just so happened to explode next to barrels full of Element 115.

The explosion shook Omega's truck as she raced along the road but as the smoke cleared and the dust began to settle all that was left was a smouldering hole in the ground yet there was no trace that the facility existed.

"004-P11, This is Omega... do you hear me Brother?"

Across the world in Hawkins, Indiana a small boy of about thirteen closed his eyes slowly, encompassing himself in the energies that he possessed, energies that had been gifted to him when he was born.

"i hear you sister" his brain whispered back to her.

"Inform Father that my mission is complete, asset retrieved, Facility destroyed with extreme prejudice and uh..." she faltered " 003-P11 is confirmed deceased, Requesting Evac " her gaze hardened.

004 opened his eyes.

"Papa?" his voice called out quietly.

Brenner looked up from a folder he was holding in his hands, he looked at 004.

"What is it, Four?" Brenner said.

"Omega has made contact, requesting immediate Evac, she says the mission was successful"

Brenner this time did smile warmly and something that could even borderline on excitement.

"Excellent, tell her the *USS Carl Vinson* will be with her shortly"

PRESENT DAY.

Hopper groaned slightly as his mind was roused from the state of unconsciousness. His eyes were blurred and they strained against the intensity of the artificial light that was streaming into his eyes. He strained against the restraints he was chained to. His arms were lifted above his head, the chains were attached to the ceiling.

His eyes finally opened and the first thing that came to mind was that damn he needed a cigarette.

"Ah Chief Hopper, glad to see that you are awake"

No... that voice it wasn't possible, he was supposed to be dead. His eyes finally cleared and he saw something that he knew he dreaded to see. Dr Martin Brenner stood in front of him, a vague, calm and dare he say, smugness adorned his features. Behind him stood the Amber eyed figure clad in black.

"I might have known, this whole thing had your stench written all over it" Hopper said, his eyes squinted against the light.

Brenner smiled slightly

"Did you really think we would abandon our operation here in this quaint, little town?" Brenner asked

"My Town, this is my town!" Hopper growled. Brenner looked on in amusement.

"Your Town? Chief Hopper, you do amuse me, however, I am afraid this is not your Town, it has never been your town"

"Oh trust me, this is more my town than you might think" Hopper replied.

Brenner's smug expression was quickly wiped from his face and he stepped up to Hopper.

"Where is she?" Brenner asked bluntly.

Hopper Snorted "What makes you think I have her"

"Oh I know you do but never mind" Brenner said turning away from Hopper "As long as we have you then she will come to us and when she comes to us then the boy will surely follow"

This made Hopper look up in Surprise "What do you want with the Wheeler Kid"

"Why wouldn't we want him? You should have seen what savagery he inflicted on those... Dogs. We know what he is capable of, the pieces are moving Chief and you will bear witness to the events that are about to unfold in this town"

Hopper couldn't reply.

"But I think we should speed things up a little" Brenner said, he turned to Omega who had remained silent all this time.

"Hurt Him" he said simply, he turned to face Hopper, his hand on the doorknob "your pain will draw them out... the things you do for family" Hopper mused finally before stepping through the door.

Omega moved forward and Hopper grit his teeth as he waited for the onslaught of pain that was about to begin.

And as the screams started, Dr Martin Brenner didn't bat an eyelid as he strode with purpose and determination down the corridor and for

the first time in the waning years of his life, his purpose was soon to be fulfilled and he would be the one to deliver it.

The Eleventh Hour was about to begin.

And the Mark of Cain and its wielder would stain the world.

(A/N) im sorry this took a long time to get out guys, it was a painstaking chapter to write, but nevertheless the next chapter will feature our favourite couple once more and with the pieces nearly in position it will be something to behold

As always guys, review! And until the next time, peace!

10. We Won't be Stopped

There was a constant barrage of Lightning here. It was ceaseless, it had no known beginning nor does it have an end. Drowning in the furthest depths of the nameless abyss. Chains extended from the inky and infinite blackness holding up a grey box made of stone, stone that was essentially nigh-impenetrable except for the most exotic and potent magics. And the most powerful of primordial entities.

It's sole occupant had nothing but time to fester and stew in the decisions that he had made, decisions that had resulted in the corruption and desecration of what was meant to be the last perfect handiwork. The finishing touches to a perfect Universe.

But It simply wasn't enough.

It wasn't enough to sit at the right hand of his father. The favourite. The perfect son. No, his jealousy, his hatred for humankind because his father now loved them more than him, it was enough to push him over the edge.

So he tainted and polluted everything had been perfect and good.

And the result was being cast away from his Father. From his brothers and sisters.

His hatred grew, his need for revenge and his need to be worshipped, to be feared.

Lucifer gripped the bars of the cage he had been in for two thousand years, his eyes closed, he could feel the burden of the Mark still even though he no longer had it. He still carried the scars that it had left upon his grace. He could feel the current bearers of its terrible wrath.

Cain himself.

And Mike Wheeler.

He could feel the Mark wrapping it's coil tighter around the boy's soul. Transferring its bitter need and thirst for the kill, to relish in it and to bask in the savagery that it compelled the bearer to commit.

He could feel the boy's soul submitting under the constant barrage of festering malice.

Every time where he succumbed to it, every time where he used its self-destructive power. He was falling fast and hard under the Mark's influence to the point where he would lose himself, forever submerged under the rage, under the vessel of viciousness that would overtake his very being.

Mike's resolve was crumbling with every second that he possessed the first curse. The Mark of Cain. And he too would fall into the endless abyss.

And a Knight would rise from the embrace of nothingness.

Eleven was pacing nervously, her fingers twitched by her side, itching to do something more than just stay around in the cabin but Hoppers words were clear for her and Mike to stay put. She turned her head slightly towards Mike who starred at nothing looking quite out of it. Staring at his hands that been recently soaked in blood of the nameless.

Only now could she see the blood that he had missed, small flakes of it coating his otherwise porcelain skin. His eyes haunted by shadow and guilt, unable to control the power that was slowly tightening its hold around his soul, its light suffocating and suffering from the Mark's iron will to dominate him. El knew what power could do to a person, power that seemed like its only use was to set the world ablaze alive and screaming.

But it was different but so much more than she knew. She did not know that the Mark was screaming inside his mind, she could control her power, control those she hurt and those that she saved, his power was mindless, destructive and unforgiving. But above all, above everything else, Unrelenting.

She wandered over to Mike slowly, sitting down beside him, taking his hand in hers. He slowly turned to face her, she looked so very worried. Looking into her eyes all he could see was her soul laid out bare for him in its entirety.

"Mike..." she said his name, it was barely more than a mere whisper but It conveyed everything she didn't have the words for.

Finally driven from his shell-shocked induced state he looked to El who was eyeing him worriedly.

"i still feel like I have blood... his blood on my hands" he said shakily looking to body parts in question. He tore his eyes away from hers, unable to look at her without feeling a multitude of guilt and not just for the blood he had already spilled but the blood that the Mark was screeching at him to spill. That of Elezens.

But it wasn't so simple as that, Mike's love for her was so strong that he was able to resist the call to arms, to do what the Mark called for him to do, what it demanded that he do. But it was not the fact that Mark's need to kill was so strong it was the fact the Mark could sense her innate power, her strength of Will. But alas even she would submit to the darkness and to the Mark.

"it hurts El" Mike finally said.

El frowned slightly, she could not see anything that showed that he was in pain, she figured it must be something that she could not see. She slowly raised her hand and released a small whisper of power, since her little trip Chicago she had been experimenting with other aspects of power, other avenues and pathways that only recently been unlocked to her.

Mike bristled as the surge of El's power washed over him, the Mark glowed slightly once more, trying to assert its dominance over the boy, that moment of weakness, the chink in his armour and the weakness and that was also his strength finally allowed the Mark in, even if only it was a slither of it.

His eyes turned dark and his head shot round to El who, not expecting it, almost jumped back in slight shock. She immediately stopped and looked at him in a way that nearly set his heart aflame. His eyes softened upon seeing that small ounce of fear in her eyes. The conflict between Mikes soul and the Mark was becoming just that too much to bare. It was a constant tug of war between the two.

cackling around her knuckles as she did so.

In spite of everything Omega's fury only increased as Hopper let out a pained laugh, spitting a mouthful of blood onto the floor.

"For as long as it takes for you to realize you can't break me" Hopper replied evenly glaring at Omega.

"Really...?" she questioned she paced round, her eyes narrowed angrily like slits, her glowing pupils sent shivers down even his spine "then I'll just have to settle for hurting you until all you wanna do is die!" she screamed Red sparks flowed from her fingers into Hoppers chest, her patience finally at an end.

"Omega, that's enough" Brenner commanded, his arrival was unnoticed to the both of them, her assault was halted and Omega's eyes simmered down a little, the red glow just that little bit dimmer. Smoke smouldered from Hopper's chest. His eyes watered from the sheer pain, unwilling to compromise, unwilling to let out a scream of relief, his mind was set. They would not break him, no... they would have to kill him to even get any satisfaction.

"We do not want to kill him just yet, he is far too valuable to us alive" Brenner stated evenly, his hands were deep in his pockets. Hopper and Brenner two sides of the same coin, The determination and the sheer grit to do what was needed. The iron will of which they both shared.

"What do you hope to achieve from this?" Hopper hissed through the pain.

"What does anyone want to achieve? You see I have always had this vision that the USA would become top of the food chain. I was there when the Germans mowed down my friends around me. I was there when Berlin fell. And I was there when the Soviet Union encircled half of Europe in red socialist filth"

Hopper remained silent.

"You want to know what I want to achieve? You should ask yourself what I am willing to do to achieve it. The Soviets stand in the way of

true freedom. True peace" Brenner said his face finally showing emotion under what was usually a cold exterior. There was a fire there that burned as bright as Omega's eyes and as cold as the deepest depths of space.

It chilled Hopper to his very core.

"But first I need the girl" Brenner said, his hands coming to rest on either side of Omega's shoulder.

Hopper barked out a bitter laugh "what and you think I'm going to betray her, now? You know nothing" Hopper sneered.

"Really?" Brenner questioned. " You did before, That was before you gained a father's love for her, you were nothing before you found her. A pathetic shell of a man, a drunk, reliant on pills just to get through the day and sleeping with any whore that took your fancy. Now she is your world. I wonder what sort of monster that would make you if you lost another just like how you lost Sarah"

Hopper angrily lashed out against his restraints, furiously yelling to the top of his lungs in defiance, Brenner watched on dispassionately and Omega watched on fascinated, like a predator studying its prey. His restraints had begun to creak, screaming in protest of the adrenaline filled pressure now coursing through Hopper's veins.

Brenner let out a humourless chuckle "We'd have to kill you to break you but losing her, now that is what would destroy you"

"I will tell you nothing!" Hopper spat once more "NOTHING!"

Brenner smirked "we don't need you to tell us anything. She already knows... don't you Eleven?" His head turned slightly towards one of the corners of the room. Where Eleven stood in the void watching everything.

Eleven's eyes shot open in shock and fear. He had known... he had known she was there... how? It chilled her to her very core, it was the one place where she oddly felt free from his control or influence, her realm, her void, her emptiness and now she had nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, not even the void in which she had declared herself

Mike ran behind her trying to keep up with her extraordinary pace, but the Telekinetic storm that was swirling around her was making it hard to keep up with her, weaker and small tree's began to fall over, ripped up by the roots as El's fury began to increase. Leaving only a trail of devastation in her wake.

For El there was only the mission. The goal of saving him, saving her adopted father but her path was not leading her towards the old lab, no this was In another direction, the opposite direction but nonetheless she proceeded on this war path.

They finally come to end of the woods where the quarry lay in wait. It's lake had been mysteriously drained the previous month despite some heavy rainfall. She manoeuvred their way towards the base of the cliff, to the bank that once was flanked by the lake. She examined the Cliff face in front of her. Until her eyes settled on a particular part of the cliff.

"There" she pointed "it looks strange"

Mike turned to look at the point where she was pointing and he too noticed something odd about it, it was almost like it didn't match up with the rest of the colouring or randomly jagged edges of the cliff.

Before either of them could say anything it began to move, lowering into the floor, both of their mouths opened in shock lightly as the beyond it there was obvious signs of a man-made structure hidden within. A retractable bridge extended forth, wide enough to allow a Tank to comfortably drive across and long enough to bridge the gap of where the lake used to be.

What was left was a gaping maw leading away into darkness. Inviting them to come forth. She moved forwards to take her step onto the bridge when she noticed that Mike had unquestioningly began to walk side by side into the unknown.

"I can't let you come with me, Mike" she said mournfully " I don't want to lose you too"

Mike's face was full of determination, whether it was due to the Mark or Mike himself she simply could not tell.

"I'm not letting you go in there alone" he exclaimed almost angrily "I said I couldn't lose you again and I meant it" he said passionately

"I know" she said simply, she drew herself towards him, eyes closed tight, almost desperately. Their lips brushed lightly and the electricity burned though. A solitary tear escaped her eyes and trailed down her cheek silently. A testament to her pain.

"But I can't watch you die, I won't... I'm sorry" she whispered, tears brimming. She raised her hand and allowed her power wash over him, rooting him to the floor completely powerless.

"No! Eleven! Let me go!" Mike yelled angrily fighting against her will.

"I'm so sorry, Mike" she whispered before turning away from him and marching towards the Bridge and not taking another look back.

Mike seethed angrily and in his blind rage he had unconsciously reached for the first blade, the moment the primordial weapon touched his fingertips the Mark began to glow red, easily seen through his clothing. He hissed as the power coursed through him once more, basking in the power that the Mark promised him from the deepest corners of his mind.

And so he took a single, solitary step forward.

Then another.

And another.

And another.

Until he was at full stride, El heard the footsteps behind her and was completely gobsmacked to see that Mike had strode forward and had closed the distance between them. He had fought off her power. No one in the history of forever had achieved such a feat against her. She looked into his eyes to see if there was any trace of the loved but saw only anger and hurt laced in his eyes. The first blade grasped tightly in his right hand, the blade was still covered in dry blood.

"You can't stop me anymore El..." he whispered, she looked to his arm and the Mark had begun to dim down having broke free of her

telekinetic grip on his body.

"We... Wont be stopped" he said offering her his left hand.

She starred at his hand briefly before clasping her hand In his and together they strode into the Hell that awaited them.

Together.

(A/N) I finally managed to get this chapter written... wrote? Fuck knows! Lol but yeah I'm sorry this chapter took forever, I just had horrible, horrible writers block but I finally did it, I got my ass into gear and wrote for two solid hours, hopefully updates will be more frequent now!

As always guys, review! And until next time, peace!

11. Sins of the Father

LOCALE PROFILE – EDR-1.

DATE DISCOVERED – November 6th 1983

STATUS – ACCESS NO LONGER AVAILABLE. GATEWAY CLOSED. INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS THE USSR HAVE LIMITED ACCESS TO EDR-1 AND ITS RESOURCES.

FAUNA – HIGHLY HOSTILE AND AGGRESSIVE, ALL MEASURES AND PRECAUTION DEEMED NECESSARY. MAJORITY OF ALL KNOWN SPECIES HOSTILE. NO DOCILE ENTITIES DISCOVERED. EVIDENCE POINTS TO SEMI-SENTIENT INTELLIGENCE. DOMINANT LIFEFORM UTILIZES A HIVE MIND LIKE CONSCIOUSNESS

FLORA – EARTHLIKE. ONE HUNDRED AND THREE SPECIES OF FLORA CATALOGUED. LIMITED SAMPLES BROUGHT BACK FOR ANALYSIS. SIXTY-THREE SPECIES OF FLORA ARE OF NON-TERRESTRIAL ORIGIN.

ATMOSPHERE COMPOSITION

19.5% OXYGEN – MINIMUM AMOUNT REQUIRED FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.

60.5% NITROGEN

15% UNKNOWN

5% ARMONIA

Extra Dimensional Reality – 1 is commonly known as the Upside-Down to the civilians and escaped asset of the incident of November 6th 1983. However all personnel are advised at all times to refer to it as EDR-1 without exception. Off-site reference is PROHIBITED.

For what we know of EDR-1 is limited. Our understanding and knowledge thus far are somewhat lacking. EDR-1 does not

differentiate from our current knowledge of the laws of biology, physics and chemistry. EDR-1 is capable of supporting life adapted to the harsh conditions, Humans exposed to its atmosphere are capable of surviving for a week. Will Byers is the only known Human to have survived that period of exposure without suffering any permanent damage to his physical health. It might be possible for an Adult to survive longer. The Mental state is affected greatly, common afflictions are extreme PTSD.

Of the species that have been discovered in EDR-1 all known varieties are hostile and extremely aggressive with hunting tactics and characteristics not dissimilar from predators found all over the planet. All Fauna share the physical trait of having no visible eyes yet they seem to have perfect eyesight in all levels of light, in accordance with this their other basic senses are heightened greatly. EDS-1 seems to be able to sense blood similar to how sharks do.

Some Species of Flora seem to be aggressive with a degree of hive mind intelligence. EDS-2 and a sub-species of vine flora seem to share the same Hive-Mind intelligence.

Extra Dimensional Species - EDS

EDS-1 – This creature seems to be the large apex predator of EDR-1. Its height is typically 6 to 10ft tall, its body type is thin presumably due to malnutrition as during the incident of 1983 this predator chose to hunt the local populace rather than its natural prey in its own native environment, this suggests its prey is vastly scarce. Its natural prey is currently unknown however it exhibits no fear in attacking humans, armed or otherwise.

First contact was established by 011 through the void between Earth and EDR-1, Drawing its presence to Earth. Small-arms fire is ineffective. Post mortem analysis may show further insight into this. Project 011 has the only confirmed kill on an EDS-1. However, Project OMEGA is being trained to be able to kill EDS-1's without consequence.

EDS-2 – This species appears to be a small sub species of EDS-1,

it shares most of the physiological traits of EDS-1, it differentiates from the larger species in the fact that EDS-1 moves in a bipedal stance whilst EDS-2 is a quadrupedal life-form, it is roughly two-thirds smaller than EDS-1 but is faster and more agile due its quadrupedal stance but is equally ferocious and deadly.

EDS-2 is also weaker physiologically as small arms fire has proven to be effective against this particular species, its nimbleness more than makes up for its vulnerability to small-arms fire. Common calibres such as 5.56mm and 12 gauge have proven to be most effective.

Consequently EDR-1 and the resources it holds are no longer obtainable due to Project 011 closing the gate that she opened the year previous which in turn stopped the spread of the vine infestation that was spreading under the town of Hawkins. The Departments public lab has been subsequently shut down and abandoned. All essential assets have been moved to the secondary facility that is underground. All research is continuing as normal.

As the head of the Indiana Branch of the Department of Energy I have made the following changes to Priority and Consideration, they are as following.

The Eleventh Hour Project has been moved to secondary consideration

- Project 011 was the most promising aspect of this project but with the confirmed KIA of 003 and 011 confirmed MIA despite the report of Doctor Owens, the others are simply not good enough to proceed with this Project. However recapture of 011 is Priority One

Project OMEGA is Priority One.

- Project OMEGA is the culmination of all my work since MKultra, she by far shows the most promise and therefore all efforts must be put into insuring the success of OMEGA and into reaching her full potential.

Project Red Storm is now also Priority One.

- With the capture of a genetic specimen and with the help of Mr. Crowley our foray into gene manipulation and gene splicing has pushed ahead our research ahead by about fifty years allowing to us to take our theoretical work and apply it practically. Our insight into EDR-1 may grow expectationally when Project Red Storm reaches the Ascension stage.

All Projects, Assets and Research will be subject to review during the next quarter.

All short and long term goals and objectives will be under review in six months time.

Signed.

Dr. Martin Brenner.

United States Department of Energy.

November 6th 1984

The last rays of ever diminishing light was extinguished harshly as the inside of the cavern closed up, entrapping both Mike and El in total darkness. Their hands tight, the only thing that they felt safe enough to hold on to in the vast void that made up their world presently.

Even then there was only one source of light and it was the Mark of Cain that burned in red hot anger amongst the blackness, Eleven squinted as they slowly made their way deeper into the vast underground complex. Both their natural senses heightened by the lack of the sense of sight. Eleven's natural power augmenting her other senses among ones she was not even fully aware of and Mike through the hell-spawned power of the Mark. Both working in tandem to guide their wielders through the unseen.

Their grasped hands were the only anchor at the moment, both their palms were sweaty as they desperately clung to the other. Never wanting to let go lest they be lost to the dark.

"We need to find some light" Mike whispered quietly although his voice echoed around him and her.

"I know" she replied simply, casting her eyes this way and that hoping with futility that the solution would present itself however impossible the notion seemed to be at this point.

Mike Sighed "God damn it, I can't see shit" Mike whispered to her, rarely using a swear word mostly used by Lucas. "it's crap you can't summon fire, that would be awes-"

"Mike..." Eleven said suddenly fully coming to a halt.

"What is it?" Mike whispered back, his eyes dancing around instinctively and of course seeing nothing by empty void.

"I feel something... it feels like its crushing my chest" Eleven said placing her free hand over her chest. To say it felt like something was crushing her chest was a vast understatement, it was like she was suffocating, like something was pushing down on her entire windpipe and not only that she could feel a malevolent presence with them in the darkness, it was not like the Demogorgan or the Mind Flayer it was different, it was worse than that, it was a perversion of nature.

If someone else could feel what El could feel they would think.

Abomination.

Monster.

Mutation.

Demon.

Plague.

Defilement.

Pestilence.

Two glowing red eyes lit up the Darkness, staring right at them, unmoving, unblinking, it was the sort of stare that would send shivers

down even the toughest man alive and even reduce him to state of the most disturbing madness and insanity.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Both Mike and El were momentarily blinded by the sudden invasion of light into their eyes, both of them raised their hands to cover their faces from such brightness. El squinted through her burning retina's to see a solitary figure stood fifteen foot in front of them. Encased in what El could only describe as endless black.

Mike took a step forward, whether it was because he was being protective or because the Mark was pulsing with the need to kill he simply didn't have the answer for it but he decided to hope to God it was on the former of the two reasons.

"Dim the lights, please" the voice spoke and to both Mike and El's surprise it was soft, almost silky but it was also clearly laced with malice and something else that neither of them could place. The lights did start to dim bringing the person in front of them into focus with each passing with second.

They were both able to fully take in the area around them, it was a Sixty foot squared room and about fifty foot tall, El's eyes moved form left to right to see there was a walkway about twenty feet up reaching from one side of the furthest end of the room to the other, she counted at least twenty Soldiers equally spread out across it. El grimly noted that each of them was holding an automatic weapon.

She ran through their options and found that they were far and few in-between.

Mike groaned internally knowing that this had been a trap all along and that they had walked right into it.

El gazed curiously at the figure in front of them. Having never seen them before but to her surprise and with a sliver of fear the figure in front of them was smiling with mania.

"So... so this is the infamous Eleven that I have heard so much about" Omega drawled, her eyes looking her up and down in disinterest "i

have to say that I am not impressed" her gaze turned to Mike.

"And this is the boy that managed to kill those dogs? I don't know which of you is worse" she chuckled humourlessly eyeing the blade in Mike's grasp that was being held tightly. Both Mike and El were slightly unnerved by the viciously glowing red irises.

"Now, now Omega, I told you not to underestimate them" a voice sounded from above.

"Sorry Father..." Omega's mania induced smile had all but vanished with reprimand.

"Good girl... Hello Eleven" the voice said.

Both Mike and El looked up to the walkway to see Dr Martin Brenner stood next to the doorway in the centre of the walkway. El's eyes darkened deeply.

"Papa..." she snarled, her hand was just itching to reach out and crush his Brain against his skull. Even the Mark seemed to reciprocate El's ill feelings towards the man.

"You have returned home to us, as I knew you would" Brenner said, his smile never reaching his eyes, always cold, always empty.

Ignoring his attempts at manipulation she wanted to show she was strong, that she no longer feared him, was no longer the scared little girl, terrified of the small room and too afraid of failing him but the truth was she was more scared than ever.

"Where is he?!" she demanded lacing her voice with seething anger.

"Where Is who?" Brenner asked feigning ignorance. His smile more insect like by the second.

"WHERE IS HE!" she screamed, her voice rang through the complex making the lights flicker heavily, making them rattle and shake and there were tremors in the Earth and in the sky. The men on the catwalk coked their weapons and raised ever so slightly more.

Brenner held up his hand to stop them from opening fire.

"Ah yes, your so called Father" Brenner said any trace of a smile was gone replaced with stoic indifference "Bring him to me" he said to one of the men on the catwalk who vanished through the door mere moments later.

"You see the power you have Eleven? You were gifted with so much of it, you were the joy of my work, the pick of the litter as it were. You were going to be special but you let these common cattle make you hide your powers like they were to be ashamed of, they fear you Eleven, they have always feared you but not me, I'm your Papa and you belong here with us, your real family"

"Family?" Mike questioned incredulously "You don't know the meaning of the word" Mike hissed through gritted teeth. Mike was doing everything in his power to not leap up at the man who had been the source of all of El's pain and rip his throat out with his bare teeth and bury the blade deep into his withered heart.

Brenner's attention turned to Mike

"Really? And who do you claim to be? Next to her you were nothing until but a short time ago" Brenner stated calmly

"it doesn't matter because you" he gestured around him "all of this, all of it will burn tonight and you along with it" Mike declared confident, the Mark sang in his head in harmony with the prospect of such an idea.

Brenner could not help but bark out a laugh he reached behind him as the doorway opened and grasped within, Mike and El watched intently as he pulled out a badly bruised and bloodied Hopper. El gasped and Mike's eyes narrowed in barely contained fury.

"Dad!" she cried out involuntarily taking a step forward.

"Ah ah ah ah" Omega said smugly wagging her finger in front of them "Not another step" she said coldly.

"How touching... you care for him" Brenner said his voice void of any emotion, at first he hadn't believed it, not fully but the truth was right there in front of him, every method of control, every slither of

his teachings and the need for reward and the need to please him were completely gone, destroyed by this no-nothing sheriff.

"I had plans, so many plans. We were to do great things together but that no longer matters, I don't need either of you, all I need is her" Brenner said gesturing towards Omega who felt very prideful in that moment. Even if it were just for a moment.

"Show them Omega" Brenner commanded.

"Yes Father" Omega complied and she started to roll up the sleeve on her left arm, her amber eyes glittered menacingly and her smile manic.

"No..." El whispered hoping that what she was looking at wasn't true

Because there on her left wrist just like her and the rest of them there was her identification.

001 was tattooed in bold black ink just like hers was. The exact same spot.

"And not only that but she is in fact my flesh and blood daughter" Brenner stated as Omega rolled her sleeve back down hiding the tattoo from sight.

"you branded you own daughter?!" Hopper exclaimed in disgust, Brenner sharply turned his head to regard Hopper

"I guess we are two very different kinds of fathers, she has become more powerful than even you Eleven" Brenner replied with a sad smile.

Eleven simply glared up at him hatefully.

"But lets see who out of all us is really the biggest monster of them all" Brenner stated whilst both El and Mike watched in frozen horror as Brenner, with a surprising amount of strength, hurled Hopper over the railing...

And in those very critical moments, everything went to absolute Hell.

"No!" Eleven screamed, her arm flew up and allowed her power to fly towards Hopper slowing his fatal descent into the ground.

Mike had raised the Blade and instantly with almost inhuman speed flew towards Omega with every intention of gutting her. Omega instantly lifted her hand and tossed Mike with her mind into the wall behind her., Mike groaned as the wind was instantly knocked out of him. Brenner slipped away unnoticed.

Omega whirled round, sending forth a telekinetic push towards Eleven who couldn't defend herself and was flung away harshly. Hopper hit the floor not a second later, luckily El was able to slow him down enough so that the fall wouldn't kill him. Hopper hissed in pain as he landed on his badly beaten body but was thankful it wasn't any worse but there was not much he could do as his hands were tied around his back.

Mike rose, his whole mind filled with a murderous rage and the Mark burned brightly to the point where it was almost sizzling on his arm. Omega turned round to face Mike.

"You just don't give up do you?" Omega said, her voice laced with amusement.

She let loose a single bolt of red energy straight at him, he was unable to dodge in time and he was thrown backwards. Yet Omega looked on confused as Mike simply stood back up charged again, again she released another bolt of red energy and sent him into the wall.

"what do you honestly think you can achieve" Omega demanded after putting him down for the fourth time.

Mike looked up at her spitefully "it's not about what I can achieve... it's what she can" Mike said looking behind Omega.

The words barely registered as she spun around to Eleven had rose to her feet and had her arm raised. Omega found herself flying to side, she slid across the floor until she slammed into the wall. Eleven curled her fist in a gripping motion and where she used her power to slam Omega's face into the floor.

All Omega did was laugh

"Is that all you can do!" she screeched raising her bloodied face, blood poured from her nose. "consider me not impressed!" she screamed as she rose to her feet. She glared at each of them in turn before her lips bore a sinister smile.

"What will it take to make you into a monster. Like me" Omega wondered out loud, almost innocently "oh I know" she raised her arms threw them towards the wall, red lightning flew from her fingertips which sparked and cackled against the surface. The lights flickered, the bulbs nearly burst into sparks under the strain and the ground tremored and Eleven paled as she saw a sight she wish she would never see again in her waking life.

The gateway to the Upside-Down was being forced into existence, as small as it was it still sent a collective chill down both Mike and El's spine. The lightning stopped flowing and in the flickering darkness Omega's monstrous gaze turned towards the pair. Eleven stepped forward but was thrown backwards and pinned to the wall by Omega's seemingly superior power.

And all that was left was Mike to stand against Omega.

"Say Goodbye to him Eleven" Omega taunted, El could only helplessly watch as Omega lifted Mike off the ground who struggled to fight her off, The Mark on his arm burned ferociously as it even struggled against her.

But it was of little use.

Omega Spun her arm and Mike found himself being thrown towards the gate and into the Upside-down. Omega clenched her fist and the gate was closed as quickly as it was opened leaving nothing but a few final flakes of ash to float towards the ground.

"Mike..." El whispered, her heart had been broken. And from the pieces what was left screamed for vengeance and for retribution. El's eyes went from despair to pure contempt and loathing. Omega relinquished her hold on her younger sister.

"Maybe I will see the infamous Eleven after all" Omega said

Brenner had his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his smile content as he watched the sifting mass that was inside the tank. His plans had almost come to fruition.

"What have you done!?" a voice angrily called behind him.

Brenner turned to see a very furious Crowley.

"Ah Mr Crowley, what do I owe this pleasure" Above everything Brenner always showed respect to Crowley.

"Have you any idea of what you have done!" Crowley said with obvious rage "the power of what you have unleashed" Brenner's smile started to falter.

"Why don't you enlighten me?" Brenner said coldly.

Crowley pointed towards the hanger where Eleven and Omega were "that boy in there has the bloody Mark of Cain, do you know what that means? You've signed your own death warrant mate. Someone who bares that Mark can't be stopped not even by death"

Brenner chuckled "I think you overestimate his chances a little, he's just a boy"

Crowley looked at him incredulously "You just don't get it do you? You... your daughter... that abomination sitting in the tank... they can't stop the Mark. Armies have tried... Even the Angels fear the Mark..."

"Then what do you suggest I do?" Brenner asked.

"Run" Crowley said "Run far" Brenner watched as Crowley vanished presumably to do just that.

Brenner turned back to the console.

"Everything can die" he said to himself as he began to flip switches hurriedly and turning dials to their full capacity. The creature in the

tank was agitated as it sifted and shifted in the confined space.

"Everything can die" he repeated to himself for the final time.

"WARNING. WARNING. PROJECT RED STORM IN ACENSION STAGE. WARNING. WARNING. RED STORM IN ACENSION STAGE"

Brenner watched on in grim satisfaction.

Mike stood up from the ground as the gate closed behind him and looked around him, he was in the Upside-down, Mike gulped as he realized he was screwed as there was no other known gates anywhere in the Upside-Down. But Mike allowed himself to take a deep breath as in any survival situation it was best to remain as calm as possible.

Yet he noticed he was no longer holding the first blade and his building anger had simmered.

But out of the mist they came... the Mind Flayers army, inevitably drawn to the presence of the Mark... numerous Demo-dogs littered the clearing, subtle growls emanated from within their closed flower like faces. Their fear of the being stood in front of them was overtaken by bloodlust and the need to kill and devour.

Mike reached towards the first blade, which trembled and vibrated. Mike reached out just a little more and the blade responded by flying into his hand, ready to be called into service.

As Mike closed his fingers around the blades handle. The Mark glowed hot upon the crook of his arm and Mike felt intoxicating power wash through him until there was not a single thought in him but the need for slaughter and decimation.

Even the love that Mike felt for Eleven slipped into the abyss. Every corner of his being finally consumed by the Mark.

The first dog leapt towards Mike who responded by catching the dog in mid-air and plunging the blade straight into the beasts gut. It let out a pitiful pained whimper of a growl as its insides glowed and flickered orange before he flung the dog from the blade into the

undergrowth.

"Finally" The Mark whispered in Mike's subconscious

This was a realm of monsters and mutations.

But Mike wasn't trapped here with the monsters.

They were trapped here with him.

(A/N) finally was able to get this chapter done from start to finish. Ideas and inspiration is flowing nicely at the moment, hopefully I can have the next chapter out by next week. Loved the Stranger things season 3 trailer though :D anywho I hope you guys enjoyed and thank you for being patient with me

As always guys, review! And until next time. Peace!

12. Death is not an Escape

Hopper groaned loudly as he managed to lift himself into a sitting position, blood trickled from his nose and mouth into his unruly beard, spitting some onto the floor he looked up, his vision was still slightly clouded and murky. But the father in him, the Cop in him wouldn't let him rest, wouldn't let him capitulate even in his darkest and weakest moments. Today, in his mind, had proved that and that was enough to take a deep breath, stand and find anyway he could to help his daughter.

But first he needed to get is hands untied.

Eleven landed on the floor harshly, Omega moved towards her slowly relishing in the pain she was inflicting upon the younger girl, red energy sparked between her fingers, charging, building. The supposed superior sister and Alpha of this so called pack was nothing but a shadow to her she thought. But Eleven refused to even accept the notion of giving up and glared spitefully up at Omega. At the bitch who had dared to hurt him.

She felt her own anger build up, sucking in all the energy around her like gravity crushing anything underneath it to the centre of its source like with a rapidly collapsing star there would be the supernova and she sent it like a tidal wave to object of her detestment and silent infuriation.

Omega saw it coming from a mile off and raised her arm and bore the brunt of the attack as it gushed through her, harmlessly, absorbing the anger induced power hurt more than she would care to admit. She sent forth several bolts of reddened energy, energy with enough power to tear apart the molecules of being, to destroy the fibres that held her together and let matter simply fall apart.

Eleven barely threw up her defensive barriers, the very same she had used to fend off the Mind Flayer but this was different, stronger, more raw and filled with human emotion was the x factor, the unforeseeable variable in the equation. Her shield was briefly visible as a transparent bubble like texture, barely holding back the storm.

Omega growled, letting loose a torpedo of telekinetic energy that painfully ripped through El's defences and it barrelled right into her, she felt herself tumble backwards, her shields torn apart brutally leaving her wide open for the time being. She reflexively pushed back against her, Omega amusedly brushed it aside, her counter too weak as her brain was dazed and scrambled.

"Not this time, is that all you've got?" Omega hissed down at the pathetic image she saw before her.

Eleven glanced up at the towering figure above her.

"Nothing? Not even a declaration of defiance?" Omega questioned, the joy of the moment was being torn from her, she wanted to gloat, wanted to enjoy wiping out her existence but she was giving no leeway to that.

"Okay then fine" she declared "I'll just settle for making you scream for mercy, mercy that you shall not receive" Omega lost all inhibitions and poured red energy into El and it was excruciating, El felt every single atom in her body set alight... every cell, every organ, every fibre of being was on fire and her scream of pain was no different. But yet through the midst of all that she could only think of Mike trapped, alone in the Upside-Down and she couldn't help him, all she wanted to do was reach out to him and save him but she couldn't do that even now and it hurt more than any of Omega's powers ever could.

Omega found herself smashing into the wall heavily as El's painful telekinetic laced scream tore at everything. It was apocalyptic. Omega smiled gleefully as the building shook and trembled. The hanger they were in had only been hollowed out and there was still exposed rock above them, rocks began to break away and smash into the floor, the scream reverberated throughout the facility.

Hopper had to roll away as bits of rock crumbled from the ceiling. Letting out several curses as he scrambled away to find at least some suitable cover. He could hear the scream and recognised just who it was.

"El..." Hopper found himself reinvigorated and fought harder to

escape the primitive rope restraints. The father in him would not let him give up.

Brenner looked around him as dust particles fell from above, his disinterested gaze wandered to and fro, his gaze returned to the tank in front of him as the creature inside wreathed and writhed as electrical impulses constantly barraged its brain, battering it into submission.

He knew of the fight that was taking place in the hanger below knowing both the pinnacles of his life's work was at stake, one rebellious and defiant and the other compliant and loyal.

If Crowley was right which the demon usually was since Brenner had first met him then everything that he had been building towards for the last thirty year was at risk of being lost forever, it was something he simply could not allow. Mike Wheeler must die, whatever the cost.

And with that final thought Dr. Martin Brenner watched and waited.

His monster was about to be birthed and breathe in this world.

Hawkins, three miles from the quarry.

Two beings stood side by side at the abandoned site of where the Department of Energy's lab still stood, empty and barren. One was garbed entirely in black with a dark silver tie, his hair still balding at the top.

The other stood stiffly, rigid. He was almost a direct contrast to the other, shorter man beside him. His tan overcoat stood out compared to the other being's attire. His tie was loose around his neck and was a simple black.

"Why are we here Crowley" the taller man asked, his voice gruff and gravelly.

The demon looked uncomfortable for a moment. "this is something that needs to be taken care of" Crowley supplied cryptically, underneath his arm he carried a large, leather-bound book

"Daemonium"

"More specifically where are we" The taller one asked looking around him slowly.

"its more of when and where are we..." Crowley trailed off "it's 1984 and we're not in Kansas any more Toto" Crowley quipped.

"What does the Wizard of Oz have to do with this?" the other asked seriously.

Crowley merely rolled his eyes.

"Don't worry about it you giraffe, this Is Hawkins, Indiana" Crowley gestured with a small wave of his hand.

"Hawkins? But this was a location of a seal" the other said truly seeing the place for the first time.

"Yeah... I heard that you lot had smote the entire town to prevent the breaking of the seal, brutal work, kinda wished I could of seen it"

"We did..." his face full of regret and something akin to pain. "I wish that there had been another way... even though Lucifer escaped, those people that were left died for nothing" He hung his head.

"God you emulate those Winchesters so much that its beginning to scare me feathers" Crowley snarkily said.

He narrowed his eyes at the demon "It's Castiel and I consider it an honour to be like the Winchesters"

"Yes, the Winchesters" Crowley said uncomfortably "they are the reason why we are here"

Castiel narrowed his eyes "Explain"

"Back in 1983 when was I just the King of the Crossroads, I made a deal with a Dr Martin Brenner to help advance his research by roughly fifty years in exchange for a deal brokered with the British Men of Letters. Long story short a boy somehow ended up with the Mark of Cain"

Castiel could not hide his surprise nor his horror.

"I remember this... We heard that there had been deaths on Earth from an active Knight of Hell but we all assumed it was Abaddon" Castiel summarised. "Our Orders..." Castiel bitterly added "were to not interfere in these events" he paused "it seemed like I was the only one who did in the end"

Crowley nodded in understanding.

"Well we're here to put things right as there were no other bearers of the mark back in the present and if we can figure out a way to cure this boy of it then..."

"Then we can cure Dean" Castiel finished.

"And keep ourselves from having another problem to deal with" Crowley huffed.

"The boy has only had the Mark for a few few weeks and it had already began to tighten its grip on his soul, I can feel its corruption surrounding this place" Castiel said as he stretched out.

"Anyway we drop this book off where it is needed and then we distance ourselves and observe" Crowley supplied "I don't think the cure will be discovered by us, I have a feeling we shall find out soon enough... the girl she is powerful. I believe she is the key to all of this and since the Book of the Damned was destroyed, well to quote Star Wars, she is our only hope"

Castiel merely rolled his eyes.

"We should split up, If I remember correctly tonight is the night where crap hits the fan" Crowley suggested

"Very well. Let us proceed" Castiel said striding off into the night.

Crowley watched for a moment, enjoying a rare moment of quiet ironically before he stepped off into the darkness which the Demon was all too accustomed too.

The First Blade was coated in crimson blood. Dripping from the point

as there was simply too much. Mike Stood up to his full height, turned his head to look over his shoulder, his eyes cold and empty, they may as well have been glowering black orbs of nothingness. Behind him lay up to a dozen killed and disembowelled Demo-dogs , their innards cruelly strewn around in the grass, some hung from trees, one Dog was impaled on a tree where it twitched due to being impaled from end to end. Front to back like a piece of meat on a stick.

Mike clothes were stained with blood, bits of flesh stubbornly clung to his sticky sweat covered skin and clothing. No skin could be seen on his hands, only the blood. So much blood. The Mark glowed sickeningly on his arm, supplying him with rage and bloodlust. It had begun to consume his very soul.

His hand was tightened on the blade as larger and more feralistic Demogorgans appeared in the clearing. Three to be exact, drawn by the copious amounts of torn flesh and blood drawing them in like a moth the the flame

It made him feel invincible, powerful and unconquerable.

The first charged forwards, it reared its arm to strike Mike with its claws, he caught the arm in his left hand, the Mark glowed more subtlety, Mike raised the blade and struck the neck repeatedly, the monster let out a pained screech which was quickly drowned out, its arm went limp and the head rolled from the top of its shoulders from a sloppily yet brutal decapitation.

Mike grinned as the ever imposing monsters took a step back hesitantly. Even they feared something. That something was him.

Mike twirled the Blade before dashing forwards.

His irises flickering from Black to normal.

Black to normal.

Black to normal.

The Mark threatened to consume what was left of his soul.

And a Knight would be born from the last of its dying embers.

Omega wiped the blood from her swollen lip as she rolled away from another of El's telekinetic shockwaves. She scowled to herself as she knew that from somewhere she had found the strength to continue fighting even though they both knew that Omega was the better of the two fighters. Having been trained all her life to kill, to destroy and to have no concept of remorse or pity or fear.

Eleven was simply a failed experiment, possessing too much of a conscience to be a true weapon of Warfare and espionage.

Omega dodged forwards, closing the distance between her and Eleven, she allowed her red energy to flow into her fists and she sent them crashing into her enemies jaw. Eleven stumbled backwards as blood flew from her mouth. It was a relentless assault of brutality that Omega was all too happy to inflict.

Punch. Punch. Punch. Punch. Punch, every punch ripped gashes and bruises at El's face and body as Omega aimed for her ribs, chest and face. She couldn't even scream as she felt a rip crack from a single punch and she even went as far to rake her face with nails, leaving bloody trails in their wake narrowly avoiding gouging out her eye.

Omega shifted behind her and wrapped her arm around Eleven's neck.

"It is time to say nighty night Eleven, just go to sleep" Omega cooed sinisterly.

Eleven struggled for oxygen as Omega started to choke the life out of her. She began to see stars and black spots in her vision as the lull of unconsciousness and ultimately death called to her to its embrace.

Eleven gasped and inhaled, desperately trying to even take a small breath of vital air. Omega smirked as she tightened her hold on the girl and closed her eyes to bask in the sounds of her last moments.

A searing, sharp pain invaded her senses as Eleven had used the last of her strength to bite as hard she could down on Omega's arm, drawing blood, El used this momentarily lapse of concentration to

break free from her and she pushed herself away gaining ground and distance as she drew in huge gulps of air for her starved lungs which greedily took in as much it could

Omega hissed and her glowing red eyes narrowed hatefully.

"You just don't know when to give up and die" Omega spat.

"No more" Eleven said quietly. Omega felt herself be seized off of the floor and Eleven threw up her other hand and released a telekinetic shock wave squarely at the immobile Omega, who was thrown back, her head smacked the wall hard enough to send her forth into darkness where she didn't stir, Omega slid to the floor completely out cold.

Eleven felt herself fall to her knees as what remained of her strength leave her. Her bruised and battered body could no longer take the strain and finally submitting to the call of the void she fell unconsciousness and knew no more of the world as her body gratefully took the rest it could get as her enhanced cells began their work to heal what damage it could.

But as her eyes closed and a single, solitary word escaped her lips, calling out to him, calling for him to come home to her. Calling for Mike.

And the darkness embraced her like an old friend.

Castiel strode though the Upside-Down, his blade in hand, silver and short, roughly fifty centimetres in length give or take. Normally such an elegant weapon would gleam in the light, but there was almost no light to be found here.

There was no need for the blade though, Castiel thought as everything within five miles could feel his presence, like a shining beacon of intense light that burned anything unnatural that was to enter its midst. Castiel strode forwards with a purpose, it reminded him when he went to fetch Dean Winchester from the deepest depths of Hell and now he was here to save a soul of another Human. Castiel noted with irony that both souls had been tainted by the stain of Hell.

Castiel strode forwards as more harmless critters of this harsh environment had stayed hidden within the brush, observing this new being in their world. A halo of light emanated from his back as skeletal remains protruded from his back. Almost featherless and stripped of their majestic might.

Yet they still gave off a holy light that only Humans could not see. The Critters took note, some shuffled back in fear, wanting to recoil against the holiest of lights as it was against their nature. Yet some stood in awe.

Castiel felt no malice or malevolent threat from them so he left the be. He only had a single goal in mind and was determined to do what was right at least once.

The only other source of light here was the soul of Mike Wheeler yet it was stained with black bile and even sensing it made even Castiel want to retch in disgust. The Mark's corruption had defiled him and as an innocent his soul was more susceptible to the evils of the Mark. He dread to think of what he might of found if he were too late.

However, he contained himself and continued on his path and as he got closer Castiel could see bodies of slain monsters littering the clearing. Their innards ripped from them by inhuman savagery and merciless rage. Castiel crouched down and examined a body closely and was shocked to find that this thing had survived despite the mutilation it had suffered.

"I'm sorry" Castiel said reaching out with his palm, the demo-dog weakly tried to bite him but found that it did not have the strength to do so and let its head fall limply to the floor.

He placed his outstretched palm onto its face and allowed his grace to flow into his hand and there was a blinding white light, that made everything in the vicinity shut its eyes tight and and look away from the explosion of grace infused energy.

Castiel stood up and strode on, leaving the smote Demo-dog what it lay, smoke pouring from its mouth.

It became hard to make his way around all the bodies as they got

higher in number, Castiel moved bodies to the side with his grace, clearing a path for himself and until he saw what he had come all this way to do and the person he came to save.

Mike Wheeler lay in the dirt, the first blade loose in his hand, covered in dried out blood with the corpses of all those he had slain even though they were monsters, Castiel was horrified at what the power of the mark had made him do.

He walked up cautiously to the boy, he was out cold, the Mark's power had drove him into exhaustion, spiritually, physically and mentally. His clothes were torn by claws and teeth, his face was covered in dried flakes of blood, one deep gash went down from the bottom of his ear and down the side of the neck where a Demogorgan had struck a blow before Mike had spun round and sliced its elongated fingers with the blade.

Castiel placed his left hand upon the head of Mike Wheeler and started to speak in Enochian.

"Esla ko ro rah ka *Zod ah mah rah na ee es lah gee roh sah*" His eyes lit up Blue and a high pitched screech littered the clearing that would have any humans nearby and even kill them but as Castiel knew in the case of someone having the Mark it was simply not the case.

"Who are you?" Mike faintly whispered, Castiel's hearing could hear his voice despite the noise around him.

"My Name is Castiel and I am an Angel of the Lord" Castiel stated as he worked.

"Angel?" Mike muttered in confusion.

"Shut your eyes" Castiel commanded as the light got brighter.

There was an explosion of light that filled the forest of eternal night and shook the trees and undergrowth along with an echo that could be heard throughout the upside-down.

Castiel closed his eyes and sent the much needed message.

Michael Wheeler has been saved.

Eleven's eyes slowly opened, her body felt like it was on fire and it might as well have been because of all that pain that she was going through, she lifted herself off of the floor not knowing where she was for the moment until that moment of realization where panic shot her adrenaline into overdrive. Until she felt a blade press against her neck.

"Ah ah ah ah" Omega taunted childishly "We dont need there to be any unfortunate accidents now do we?" Omega hissed into her ear, she was pissed, her head was throbbing and blood trickled from her nose and mouth.

"What are you waiting for?" El bit back "End it"

"Your lucky that I have orders not to... for now" Omega said bitterly.

El breathed a small sigh of relief, she didn't want to die but if she was going to she didn't want it to be drawn out, as far as she knew Mike was still trapped and she did not have the energy to open a gate and get him out. It nearly drove her to tears but it was suppressed by the bubbling rage in the pit of her stomach.

"Glad to see your awake Eleven"

That voice always filled her with dread. On the walkway above her was Brenner. And spread out along the balcony were roughly ten guards all armed with Mp5 submachine guns and CAR-15's. It was the men personally loyal to him and follow any order to the death.

"You're just in time to see the show, enjoy" Brenner said smugly. He always knew something that she didn't and it made her blood run cold.

Her head turned and in the other end of the hanger came the sound of shuffling feet. El dared to hope, hoping against all odds that the person she could hear was him but her eyes shifted from the doorway, to the guards and back to the doorway and she felt tremendous fear... she knew what was about to happen...

Mike Wheeler stumbled through the door. Eleven gasped in shock at

the site of the bloodied and war torn Mike. His clothes were in rags on his body, the first blade was held loftly as Mike clung to what remained of his strength and will to live.

"Remarkable, absolutely remarkable" Brenner muttered in fascination

"How is it a boy like you comes across the most awe inspiring piece of ancient magic and defies all odds to make it back here. You truly are a marvel, Mr Wheeler. Truly." he paused "i can see why Eleven cares for you so much as much as it sickens me."

"But unfortunately for you, this time, it really is the end" Brenner said cryptically.

"NOOOO!" Eleven found herself elbowing Omega in the stomach, it was enough to escape the grasp of the girl but still she was still too weak and too hurt to do much as Omega quickly recovered, Omega spun kicked out at Eleven's knee causing her to yell in agony as the bone was nearly dislocated.

Omega finished it with a kick to Eleven's face, their was an audible crack as the force of her kick broke her nose and sent El tumbling to the floor mere metres from Mike. It all happened so fast.

"Eleven!" Mike yelled furiously and Mike raised the blade ready to launch it at the source of his rage.

"Kill Him" Brenner ordered coldly.

Eleven's face weakly lifted off the floor to see her world be torn irrevocably in two as the sound of Gunfire filled the hanger and Mike's bodily violently fell backwards, the blade never leaving his hand.

Bullet after bullet riddled his body, streak of blood imploded from his body and Mike screamed, it was a sound that would haunt her for the rest of her life, as she was not able to stop this, she wanted to turn and look away, unable to bear the pain of watching this but found she couldn't.

Omega's laughter could be heard behind her and she felt cold vengeance fill her. It was at that moment she swore she would be the

one to kill her, even if it cost her her life.

Mike's bullet riddled body slammed into the floor mere metres from her.

The guards guns clicked empty as the last of the shell casings clattered to the floor, smoke still pouring from within.

Eleven couldn't stop the sobs that racked her body.

"El..ele..eleven..."

El looked up, Mike was reaching for her, hand outstretched towards her one final time. She found herself crawling forwards trying to reach for him, if she could only get to him... she stretched forth her hand towards his.

"El..." his mouth gargled blood, the Mark glowed red on his arm, not letting him die.

"I...lo..." their fingers were so close now, so very close.

Their fingers brushed gently... before Mikes hand fell limply to the floor, the Mark ceased to glow and Mike eyes slowly closed, submitting to death's call, the last of the light leaving him.

"Mike...no...no..no..no" El sobbed pathetically not caring that everyone she hated was watching her grieve for him.

"Take her away" Brenner ordered looking towards Omega.

Omega nodded and pulled Eleven away who fought back even though it was futile, desperate to remain by his side. Omega dragged Eleven back.

"Mike!"

But as Eleven was being dragged away, Brenner looked towards Mike and his cold smile of victory vanished as there on Mike's arm it glowed. The Mark of Cain glowed and burned bright and the words of the future echoed around the hanger.

"It's not death, it's life, a new kind of life, Open your eyes. See what I see, feel what I feel, lets go take a howl at that moon"

As the words died down and everyone stood still and waited with baited breath. And finally Brenner felt the fear that Crowley had warned we should have had when dealing with the Mark.

Mike's eyes snapped open.

They were Black.

And through the death of the innocent.

A Knight is born.

(A/N) I finally found the inspiration and motivation to get this story on the road again, especially after the final season 3 trailer! Lol but this chapter was a hard one to write but either way it done now! Enjoy!

As always guys review! And until next time, peace!

13. The Rise of the Knight

Brenner was rendered in a state of disbelief as the boy who he had his men brutally riddle with bullets open his eyes, his hand gripped the railing tightly and he looked to the disbelieving eyes of his company, their guns lowered in combination of shock and awe.

El couldn't help but show a tearful smile as Mike lifted himself from the ground onto his feet. He looked down at his body where bullet holes littered what was left of the clothing that he was wearing he took in a deep breath and let out a loud sigh.

El's smile faltered when she saw Mike eyes, pure black without depth or warmth.

"Mike?" Eleven whispered to him tearfully, hoping, begging.

"Mike?" he repeated, it was almost a confused reply until Mike's face contorted into a twisted smile. "Mike? He's gone i'm afraid, lost in the void, we are in the shell now"

"Mike..." El begged

"We run the show now" He hissed.

Then he was gone.

Then a voice sounded from above.

"Well, Hello there"

El looked up to see Mike in the walkways above. She clasped her hand over her mouth in horror as Mike, if that was even who he was anymore, thrust the first blade into the man's stomach. His eyes closed in satisfaction as withdrew the blade. One could describe it as ecstasy filled pleasure. The nameless soldier clattered the ground, the light gone from his eyes.

"Fun, fun fun!" he shouted gleefully as his eyes flicked open to the merciless black orbs that now extinguished the trace remains of whatever light might have remained.

There was absolute chaos as Mike or the thing that was now inside him started to tear apart Brenner's men who now looked frail and fearful then composed and disciplined as they were mere moments ago. He flung the first of his victims from the walkway, his body hit the floor with a horrible splat, his empty eyes staring straight at El as blood pooled around his broken body, it still twitched before laying still.

"Kill both of them!" Brenner shouted in a panic as he realized he was no longer in control of the situation. Mike watched as Brenner stumbled backwards away from him and through the door that led deeper into the complex and networks of labs that burrowed in to the depths of the Earth.

Omega abandoned all precedent and shoved El away from her intent on killing this new threat

The two furthest from Mike immediately swivelled their weapons down into the hanger below to aim at a defenceless Eleven.

The Demon's eyes glittered dangerously, closing the distance between him and the two men, vanishing there and appearing before them.

"No" he growled dangerously. "She is mine." He clenched his fist and the two men felt their skulls crack and their skin spilt. Within mere seconds their brain matter had been spread across the room.

Omega's eyes glittered darkly as even she could not help but admire the handiwork that this boy was dishing out, in fact it made her squirm with anticipation whether it was the fight to come or something else entirely she could not tell the difference at this point.

"El..."

Eleven spun round to see Hopper had managed to break free of his bonds and had made his way to her, dried blood littered his face but he was very much alive.

"Dad!" she exclaimed, some semblance of happiness could now be felt from her as she made her way to her adoptive father. Although she couldn't stop and take one last forlorn look in Mike's direction as he

finished with the last of the bodies.

Only herself, Omega, Hopper and Mike were alive in the room at this point.

And between her and Mike stood Omega, power radiated off of her waiting for something of a challenge.

"Move" Mike said simply, his black eyes had returned to human. Although the Demon was still there. But Mike was the Demon and the Demon was Mike, his soul had finally been twisted in a Demon's as were the Mark's purpose in keeping his hose alive by any means necessary.

Omega cocked her head, a smile crept along the corners of her lips.

"Or What" the challenge of her words lingered in the air.

Mike stared down at this thing before him before letting out a dark chuckle.

"I cant be bothered to trade words with a disgusting, vile perversion of life"

Mike suddenly appeared in front of Omega, surprising even her, Mike drew back the first blade impossibly fast and thrust it forward, aiming to gut her. Omega pushed forwards with her power, barely pushing him backwards. Creating vital space as the blade hit only empty space.

Omega focused her energies and focused on a gloved hand. Her own short sword made of pure red energy materialized within her grasp, angry sparks struck the air around them. Mike pointed the First Blade towards her, still covered in the blood of the not so innocent for one of the first times in the weapons very long existence.

Omega readied her own stance before Mike charged forwards allowing the two weapons to clash intensely. As the two titanic forces of destruction fought. El and Hopper could only watch on as Mike let his fist fly into Omega's nose

Both Castiel and Crowley stood outside the entrance in the hangers, feeling the forces darkness fight a battle that could end up with Earth shattering ramifications.

Castiel as an Angel could feel the darkness surrounding the two, as a being of Light and Grace. It almost physically hurt him to feel the battle raging on inside amidst an over washing feeling of helplessness and sorrow.

He strode forward, catching the gaze of his Demon companion.

"Whoa where do you think your going feathers" Crowley demanded

"I cannot sit idly by as this happens, I did so once and I always wondered if it was the right decision, I know my answer. I'm not letting this continue" Cass all but growled before striding Into the dark as Crowley starred almost horrified before rushing to catch up to the Seraph.

Mike growled as Omega's blade had nicked his hand a little bit, it hurt more than he cared to admit. Both

"Bitch" he seethed. As he stood up something occurred to him, something he could use that was as natural to all Demons like breathing is to Humans.

He opened his mouth wide and allowed his demonic essence to roar and rush from his vessel which collapsed as their was nothing left in the body but an empty shell. Omega narrowed his eyes, worried as even this was something she had never seen before.

The Demon smoke was like that of a squirming serpent. It changed direction instantly and was on her in an instant coiling itself around her. Never knowing how to face such a thing she started to panic and swiped at the smoke with her weapon but it was of no use. The Demon Smoke lifted her into the air before tossing her across the hanger and into the handrails of the walkway above them.

Omega groaned in pain as he body hit the floor, for the first time in a long time she was scared of being defeated. But she could do nothing

but watch, her body battered and bruised with blood pouring from her nose, as the Demon Smoke rushed towards her. Omega weakly lifted her hand to try and prevent the smoke from reaching but it did no such good.

Her jaw was forcibly widened as the Smoke poured itself down her gullet.

Her eyes became a mixture of an Orange glow with pure black irises as the demon within began to take control.

Omega screeched as the fight for dominance in one body was too much for either entity. Red energy sparked from various points on her body, lashing out into the surroundings. There was explosions of dust and rock that showered the last of the living occupants in the hanger.

With a final scream her jaw widened once more and as quick as it came the Demon smoke fled the meat suit that it tried to possess. The Smoke was tinged with red from the energy that had been within Omega, it stuttered in the air before it found its way back to his original body. The empty shell of Mike Wheeler had its jaw forced open as its former occupant raced back into its confines.

His eyes snapped open as he rose to his feet, his soulless eyes looked at Omega in disgust which was a Ironic for a Demon.

"You are tainted" he all but spat at her.

Omega merely smirked in response and she raised her blade as Mike rose his blade high ready to strike.

Both suddenly flew back from the other in opposite directions. Both of them turned to regard the new player that entered into the madness of the skirmish.

Castiel strode though the Hanger. His Irises were shining a golden blue. The lights above them sparked and exploded as the Angel's presence overwhelmed them with ambient energy. As he reached the centre of the room his body shone that bit brighter as he let the broken and featherless remains of his wings come into existence as

shadows.

Omega's eyes widened at the Angelic display of power and slipped throughout a side door unnoticed as even she at this point for the first time feared for her life. She reassured herself with the fact she would kill Eleven another time.

"Angel" Mike hissed, his eyes turning black.

The power of Castiel's grace simmered down, his eyes returned to their natural hue and his wings vanished.

"Unless you wish to die, I suggest you run, Demon" Castiel growled, with a slight flick of the wrist his Angel Blade had materialized and dropped from his sleeve and into his waiting hand. Mike eyed the Celestial steel with curiosity and tempered caution, As a newborn Demon he did not know what could harm him or what couldn't.

Retaining his intelligence from when he was human he figured that the angelic weapon would at least harm something like him.

He looked towards Eleven, who looked back at him with a mixture of begging and feeling. And even now he could feel something, something drawing him to her like an invisible rope that tethered them together. He pointed the blade towards her.

"This isn't over" He growled before vanishing leaving a horrible silence in his wake.

The dam finally broke and El let out a pitiful and choked sob that engulfed her, her body shook uncontrollably lamenting on all that she had lost in the space of a few hours. Hopper held her close but it did little to give her comfort.

Castiel watched on mournfully, feeling like he had failed all over again. Like he had with everything else. Finding God, the Apocalypse, the Civil War that decimated Heaven and the near genocide he had inflicted upon his own kind. The Release of the ever hungry Leviathans, failing to protect the words of God, The Angels falling to Earth, wingless and angry, the second Angelic civil war on Earth and finally Dean taking on the Mark of Cain who became a Demon.

Crowley watched from the shadows, the book he had been carrying was now gone, in place for the events to come. He too watched on, he bowed his head, ever since his brush with Humanity he could feel again and he could feel this. All too well.

Hopper screwed his eyes shut as he held his adoptive daughter to him. Willing the pain and the hurt to go away but it never did.

But right here and now, amongst the Angel and the Demon. El Hopper wept for the person she loved more than life itself. The first thing she had loved outside the lab, there were never any strings attached, not with him and there was never any doubt that he had felt the same, no complications, feelings that had not been tainted by the passage of time or corrupted by the toxicity of the world around them.

Little did she know it would be the key to his salvation. All the pain and all the love they had shared together would break the evil that existed long before humanity was even a thought in the mind of God.

But right now her broken heart was enough to shatter the world.

He was gone.

In the gloom of the abandoned lab, a light flickered here and there, struggling to stay lit, one swung freely from the ceiling as something had nearly brutally ripped it from its perch. The floor was soaked with a water like substance.

And there in the middle of this birthplace of abominations sat an empty tank. Glass strewn about the place like dead bodies which served as an indicator of the things yet to come.

There were some creatures that even terrified the worst of monsters.

The union of Human and Monster was enough to terrify them all.

(A/N) Hello there! Its kind of redundant to apologise for the long update time at this point, as this story goes on I have great ideas but im having trouble in writing them on the page, its kind of

demoralizing in all honesty. But I want to get this story done to the best of my ability for you guys.

As Always guys review! And until next time, peace!

14. Project Ascension

6 MONTHS LATER.

JULY 1985.

Department of Energy, Texas Branch. Ten miles from the outskirts of Austin.

The Demon's eyes returned to their normal colour as the body fell from the tip of the blade, harshly hitting the floor, he looked down at it in disgust. He had begged for his life, that he had a family. Everyone had kept telling him that as he let the blade glide across their skin, part of him hoping he would get the answers that he sought and partly hoping they would deny him that knowledge in hopes that he could simply continue in what he was doing. Feasting on the fear, on the pain and the misery.

In the silence that seemed to do nothing but reverberate throughout the room the Knight looked at the carnage that he had lain to waste upon this lab, easily tearing through its defences, cutting down those who stood in his path. It wasn't just the need to kill that drove him here. It was something else that was against a Demon's nature.

Fire engulfed the lab as he walked through the slaughter. Guards laid strewn about, their weapons empty and discarded. Not like they were of any use anyway against something like him. He simply had strode into the Lab, whipping the first blade from his belt and instantly letting it swing through the air, cutting through a man's neck. Using his momentum he allowed it to sink into the belly of the other, within seconds two guards fell to the floor, the life left their eyes.

Reapers, both invisible to him and everyone else, trailed behind him like dogs knowing that a bearer of the Mark of Cain was unleashed upon the world where a string of bodies and souls in the veil would be left behind. The Reapers eagerly taking their charges to their final destinations with a surprising amount of them going up rather than down although was a few fair who deserved the trip downstairs but the reapers would remain stoic and unbiased, taking them to where they would reside for the rest of time.

Death, the horsemen, watched from afar. His eyes filled with dis compassion for what he was seeing. He was so old, so very old that both himself and God could no longer remember who was older, regardless at the end of all things he would be the one to reap even God himself.

"...Life, death; chicken, egg... Regardless of the end, I'll reap him, too." Death would one day say.

"God, You'll reap God?" One Dean Winchester would ask whom was completely thrown for a loop

"Oh, Yes. God will die too, Dean" Death replied.

It was from that moment that the only being in his life that Dean Winchester would ever truly fear was Death himself, possessing both respect and fear for the greatest of the Horsemen. The one being who had power over God in some form.

Mike found himself in the operations centre, a large hexagonal room overlooking the main rooms of the complex where it could oversee numerous activities simultaneously in real time, In some ways it was more advanced than the Hawkins Lab and in some other ways it wasn't.

Mike ripped open one of the numerous drawers before rifling through its contents, eyes scanning quickly before tossing it aside and then going for the next one. He searched through the next one, before finding what he was looking for. A single folder a title that brought confusing thoughts and feelings to the Demon's mind.

The folder was titled – Project 011.

He hesitated, his finger lingering on the edge of the cover, it was a pretty thick folder, roughly sixty pages thick, he opened it and scanned the contents quickly most of the information relating to her power he already knew but what it detailed the most was the experiments that they had made her be a part of.

Somewhere in the back of the Demon's black eyes, some essence of Humanity still lay there. Lingering, festering and ever so alive. Most

Demons had an essence of what the human that they used to be before they were tortured for hundreds of years in Hell, One month on Earth was ten years in Hell.

A long time for a human to be tortured, sliced, carved and burned until there was nothing left but the blackest of smokes.

And what was left of his humanity was boiling in Anger. He read further on what she was made to do. The things she had to do and yet she had remained pure and innocent. Something good, Something that had a concept of morality.

Morality that he no longer possessed. But there was only one exception. Whatever was left of humanity was what he felt for her. Every single slither of it. And that was what was burning in cold blooded rage.

His eyes scanned the consoles in front of him, examining it, studying it, his intelligence allowed him to study the controls easily before seeing what he was expecting to see. Two panels several arm lengths from the other. But a thing of his nature was not hindered by this.

With one hand he opened up the glass pane that kept it enclosed. And used a fragment of power to open the other identical panel, turning the keys in the console, Mike watched as the room was bathed in a red glow.

A loud monotonous female voice could be heard over the PA system.

"SELF-DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE INITIATED, T-MINUS FIVE MINUTES. ALL PERSONNEL MUST EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY."

Mike looked around him at the dead bodies, bodies that he himself had gutted with relative ease, although no one gave him the information he desired.

The Location of Dr. Brenner.

Dr. Martin Brenner straightened his tie, it was immaculate and smart. Two double doors lay before him made of a dark mahogany oak, on either side of the doors was an unlit light that were at this moment currently dimmed.

Omega stood several feet away looking out the window, her face concealed behind the mask that she herself had requested be made, her dark blood red irises stared out of the window at the city that seemed to go forever and all the way to the horizon.

She gazed at the sun soaked city, as it bathed in the light of dusk. It was a place she would never get a chance to live, a world she would never touch and even in the darkest recess of her mind she mourned for that but it was shadow of a thought, nothing more, nothing less.

She huffed "Why are we here father" Omega asked, her eyes never wavering from the city that had caught her interest.

Brenner looked over.

"We are here because the board has called us here for an evaluation" Brenner said, making no effort to mask his annoyance.

"We shouldn't have to answer to them" She seethed turning away from the city. "They know nothing, they are nothing"

"Unfortunately for us to continue our work it is necessary" Both father and daughter locked gazes for a second before Omega turned her back, Her amber eyes looking at the double doors. She glowered at the men that were most likely sitting behind them.

"I can't believe our fates are in the hands of these lesser things, they don't know power, they can't split the atom with the sheer power of thought or cause the total organ failure through willpower alone..." Omega rattled off from her tangent as red energy began to spark between her fingers.

Brenner frowned and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"No, they don't know true power. But sometimes we have to work with lesser beings for the sake of progress and so that those with that true power can exert it over those who thought they were in control. Patience Omega. Your time will come, my time will come and when it does they will realise the futility of all of this"

The lights on the either side of the door finally lit up green, signalling them to finally enter.

"Yes Father" She said as he led them to and through the doors into the chamber beyond.

She looked into the chamber as Brenner opened the doors, the board sat at podiums or tables that were raised off of the floor to give a sense of dominance and power so they could look down on those who had been summoned. It was meant to make people feel small, Brenner, who had been here many time was not fazed by it, the board did not scare him.

She betrayed her true feelings momentarily showing themselves in a scowl, she noticed that the men were mostly in their late fifties and seemed frail and weak in comparison to her father, who stood tall, proud and strong.

These men, these lesser men were not fit to command and judge the likes of them who were better than them.

The seven men hushed up as Brenner and Omega had reached the centre of the floor. Omega noticed with satisfaction that one of them looked upon her with masked her fear, it was always her eyes that seemed to burn fear into minds of the weak willed.

The oldest of the seven cleared his throat and made to speak.

"Excellent, now that we are all here we can now call this meeting to order, we have much to discuss" He began. "Let us begin with your most recent report which quite frankly we of the board find hard to believe"

Brenner Frowned. He felt insulted.

"You think I would lie?" He asked looking up at the board.

The middle man shifted uncomfortably

"Under normal circumstances no but your reports seem a bit fanciful even for what the department knows of what is out there"

"So basically you think I lie, I can assure director that is far from the truth, everything I have stated in my report and review of our projects is to the best of knowledge accurate and correct"

There was murmuring among the other members of the board at the declaration.

"You claim that the Hawkins Branch of the Department has been rendered defunct by a boy you claim turned into a demonic entity of unknown power. We have given you resources and facilities and the best staff the Government had to offer"

Brenner cut him off "You are correct Director Falk but there are events that are occurring outside of our control, I received word mere days ago that our Austin facility had its self-destruct sequence activated along with our Salt lake city and Los Alamos branches as well, I had Omega see to this problem personally using her Psychometric abilities to determine cause"

"And?" Director Falk pushed. The other member of the board watched Brenner intently.

"And we have determined that the course of these events are due to the demonic entity stated in the report" Brenner was beginning to lose his patience now with the bureaucracy.

Director Falk pushed his glasses back up to skim read the report for the entry on the demonic entity and the notes that Brenner provided of it.

Falk grimaced as he read it, it sounded like something someone would conjure up and find themselves in the loony bin within a month of spouting such things but Falk had known Brenner since the days of MKUltra and knew that the man was one of truth and that he brutally effective.

"As you can read I have stated that Project Ascension is ready and able to deal with this problem"

He looked down again to the notes "Yes I can see that" His tone was neutral, not betraying whatever his true feelings were although Brenner could take a guess.

Omega watched from behind her father, her eyes glittered in the dimness of the room

"And the Eleventh Hour Project, what of that?" Director Falk asked peering down at Brenner "out of all the Projects currently that showed the most promise"

Behind Brenner Omega's eyes bore in the man above them. Her fingers glowed in silent fury.

"We have had to move it to secondary consideration at this time, with 011 still MIA, those that are left are without their leader and at this point I would consider her a failure, she has been compromised by American Civilians. Omega here is proving to be better suited far more than we originally anticipated"

Director Falk looked up from his notes to the Amber eyed girl that hadn't said a word since they had entered the room. Director Falk was not a fan of having children involved in these affairs of state, Espionage and warfare. But he knew it was a reluctant evil, everyone in this room knew what the Russians had been up to with Project ARKANGEL. Still, he had his reservations about everything.

"Project OMEGA" Director Falk said with firmness "Dr. Brenner, you have to know that sending a child into an operation was not only reckless but plain stupid. You broke every rule in the book, broke several articles of the Geneva Convention and risked all out war with Russia.

Brenner glared at Director Falk. "I did what needed to be done, you knew what they were doing, did you really want them to have access to weapons of that nature?"

There was a heavy pause in the room.

"No" Falk said finally "And I am beginning to wonder whether we should either"

Brenner tightened his lips.

"Meaning?" Brenner asked

"Meaning I'm considering whether continuing to fund your research, You submitted a request for the Department to have access to a Particle Accelerator, Why?"

Brenner huffed hoping that his request would be granted simply because of his prestige and the fact that he always was able to bring beneficial results, even the failure of MKUltra was proof of this, being able to bring in results through failure, fuelling the potential for success down the road.

Brenner finally huffed seeing that he had no hands left to play apart from the truth.

"We have finally discovered the true Nature of EDR-1, the place that 011 had opened a gateway too. As theorized I said that the place was a mirror dimension, a Parallel Universe down to the man made buildings there. We have managed to prove with absolute certainty that EDR-1 is entirely made up of Anti-Matter"

There was collective silence among the board of Directors, who like Brenner, were experts in several fields of Science.

"That can't be possible" One of the others said standing up "Anti-matter is unable to come into contact with Ordinary matter without mutual annihilation of both! Yet your reports state that numerous individuals have been in this place and come out alive and kicking! "

Brenner turned to regard him.

"You are correct Director Cole, we are unsure as to why this is an exception, but there is so much we don't know, more specifically EDR-1 may operate under a totally different set of universal laws, we observed that EDR-1 does conform to our understanding of those laws but that may differ due to that whole reality being up of Anti-Matter"

"I don't believe this" Director Cole muttered as he sat back down.

"I see that you do not believe me, very well" Brenner said turning on his heel. "Omega, come here" he called to her, reaching towards her.

She obediently moved to her father until she was standing in front of him. He placed his hands on her shoulders"

"I intended Omega to be 011's successor due to her compromisation, but there is something you must be all wondering about her eyes,

why they persistently glow a blood red amber. It is because we were able to splice an Anti-Matter element into her DNA"

There was a sudden uproar from everyone apart from Director Falk, who closed his eyes in resignation. At that very moment there was no comparison between Brenner and Dr Frankenstein, Omega and Frankenstein's monster. It was an abomination, a perversion of life, messing with forces that they didn't understand.

"Enough! This council will come to order!" Director Falk shouted slamming his fists down.

There was sudden silence followed by muttering as the other members retook their seats.

"Dr. Brenner explain"

"Ever since the portal opened we were able to gain access to the Anti-Matter equivalent of a synthetic chemical Element with the atomic number 115.

"Moscovium?"

"This is correct, it is Ironic. We had substantial amounts of that we used in experiments, two of them were Project Ascension and Project Omega, they were the most successful candidates, the others... well lets just say they slowly disintegrated into nothingness."

More murmuring echoed around the hall.

"Unfortunately, 011 closed the gate which was our main source of Element 115 and ever since we have had to make what reserves last a long time.

Director Falk was beginning to look horrified as something was beginning to dawn on him.

"You want to use the Particle Accelerator to synthesize more of the Element" At this point it was not a question, it was a statement.

"Yes"

"You're Insane" Director Cole said. He was horrified at the prospect of it "You are completely insane, placing an Anti-Matter particle into an Accelerator would rip the entire planet apart!"

"I agree with Director Cole" Director Falk said without hesitation "the potential for planet-wide destruction is too great.

Brenner huffed in frustration

"You don't understand the implications of what we could use it for!" Brenner shouted "Human enhancement, new weapons, unlimited energy, with 115 we could finally make Fusion reactors a thing of reality and not just something people dream up in comics"

Director Falk shook his head

"At the behest of this council and its affiliates I see no choice but to deny this request and begin the process of decommissioning the labs under your control and placing all associated blueprints and assets into storage"

"Wait What?" Brenner was thrown for a loop by the sudden turn of events.

"We're shutting you down Brenner, God knows that its for the sake of the Planet at this point" Director Falk said shuffling the papers in front of him.

"You can't do this... I devoted the majority of my life to this Research, I have done so much and more that you can't possibly comprehend!" Brenner was on the verge of screaming out his vocal cords.

But the anger upon his face turned into a maniacal smile. "Director, I never did supply you with much information on Project Ascension did I?"

"No, you did not"

The lights started to spark and flicker erratically making the board look up in confusion.

"That's okay, I wouldn't mind introducing you" Brenner said happily.

His fate was now sealed.

"Brenner what are you doing" Director Falk, asked uneasily as the lights still flickered and pulsed.

"Oh you think this is me, I assure you it's not, it's not even Omega, I would like you to meet Project Ascension"

There was a low hum like growl that emanated behind Director Falk who looked behind him in soul crushing fear. Towering over him stood a twelve foot Demogorgan. Standing two feet higher than most members of its species. It bore down on him.

Its skin glowed red in patches, the energy of 115 pulsed inside the monster. Drool dripped from its flower like mandibles, on the back of its head was a metal inhibitor that had been grafted into its flesh and deep into the organ that counted as a Brain.

"Kill them all..." Brenner commanded. His tone was neutral as was the expression on his face.

"No... oh god no, Brenner... Brenner!" Director began to shout as the Mutated Demogorgan began to plod towards him with a single purpose.

"You had your chance Falk." Brenner said.

The Demogorgan unveiled its face, showing rows upon rows of shark like teeth to the man. Falk had seen enough and tried to turn away and run before the monster pounced, latching onto Falk's head. Falk screamed in terrible agony as the mutation began to rock its head from side to side with immeasurable strength. Soon enough skin and flesh began to tear as the monster ripped his head off and flung it to the other side of the room.

It screeched and opened up its arms before leaping from one side of the room to the other. Hissing at the terrified men.

Brenner steered his daughter around as they began to walk out of the same double oak doors that they had entered from.

"Come Daughter, we have important work to do"

"Yes Father" Omega obeyed.

And as the doors closed the screams and cries of the soon to be dead men grew more desperate and anguished.

Brenner and Omega never looked back.

(A/N) What's up people, not much to say on this one to be honest, but I have a plan in place for what's left of this story, its ambitious for me, I look forward to writing it in the coming months. Hopefully will have the story finished by early 2020 lol

As Always Guys, review! And until the next time, Peace!